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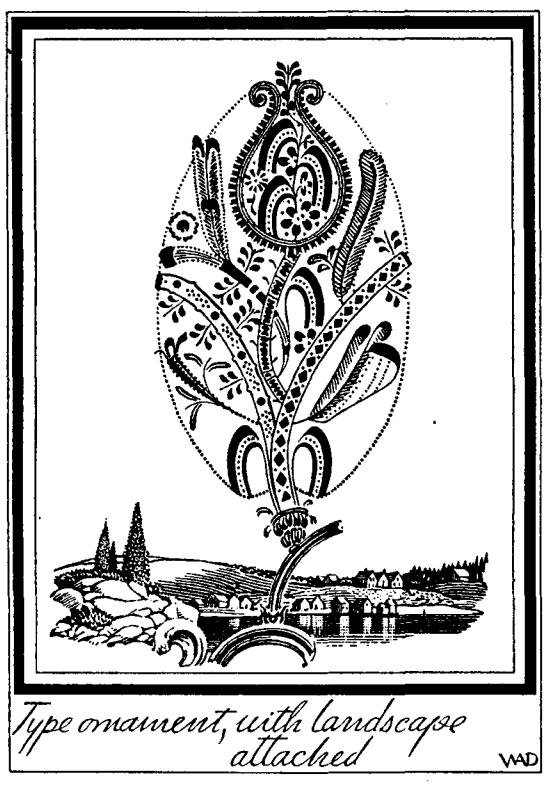

Type ornament, with landscape attached WAD

Oh for the coast of Maine, a cove, a cot
Disposed in that salubrious situation,—
The rocks, the hills, the pines! And yet it's not
A circumstance to linear decoration.

Snuggedy Swamp

"THE trouble with New York," a wise statesman remarked some weeks ago, "is that it is so full of unnecessary and superfluous people." He might have said "the trouble with America." But they do not move us, these needless people who neither feel keenly nor think with excitement, who neither create, administer, enjoy, nor sympathize. They are the real slaves of the modern industrial order who carry on the economic routine, snuffling with predatory noses or gobbling their limited diet of income, exercise, and lust. If their masters live less happily than Greeks upon the proceeds of their toil, it is because they do not know they are masters.

Nothing counts but energy latent or displayed, or its reflection in such symbols as the tubular masses of the mother factory of the flivver brood in Detroit, the white shaft of the insurance building rising over Columbus, or Snuggedy Swamp. The thousands of dull men and women whose minds are below the life line, the tawdry White Ways of a hundred cities, the endless succession of undistinguished fields streaming by the railroad window, the barren but not beautiful, the jumbled suburb, the strewn boxes of a bungalow settlement, the burnt clearing, the time-clock brain—exist only in the illusion of an indivisible Present and the delusion of a Progress which arrives by mere breeding. The churl had no history and neither have these. They live only in geography or statistics, and an exclusiveness that forgets them when possible is not snobbery but self-defense. It is the arbutus and hepatica in protest against the luncheon box and empty soft-drink bottle, the scarce-won liberty of the intellectual mind denying the weight of the average and the tyranny of mass. It took some billions of years for this slimy planet to be capable of a garden, and some millions before man had both time and inclination to observe the beauty of a breast, the curve of a marsh, the value of a thought not tied to fear or hunger. Shall we lose our gift of humor and pure cerebration on the concrete highway between signboard and gas station, or in the milling subway crowd? Not by a long sight, while sensibilities are still inherited from good germ plasm. Better a negro cowering from "Plat Eye"* in the moss-draped night than that smug person with manicured brain, and a face that Renaissance painters gave to those who cast lots for the garments of Christ, who is the advance agent for what some call Civilization. But why be either?

* * *

All this is a high philosophical Preface to Snuggedy Swamp, yet with so many empty words (as the Chinese say) flying about, such as "Civilization," "Culture," "Beauty," which friends and enemies hurl at each other meaning everything or nothing, a Preface is indispensable. How otherwise indicate that a cypress, a redbird, or a negro child may have more than an atomic significance?

* * *

The road to Snuggedy Swamp** leads through the pine barrens, it is the road down which Washington made his majestic progress to see and be seen of the new States. He commented on the poverty of the soil, being, as Mr. Woodward says, a good business executive not inspired by unproductive beauty. Barrens is a harsh name for these stretches of sand set columns, trailed over with amber jessamine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried cassio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks and mocking birds sing: "Here, here, here, no, no, no, there, there, there, yes, yes, cheerio, cheerio." The road is cinnamon, the darkey houses are set with turquoise shutters under green magnolias, the little "nigs" dance in the sun, the old "dahs" balance baskets of rice lilies on their turbans, whiff smoke from their pipes, and glance out of furtive bird eyes. The men have plug hats over blue jeans. They are not of our world, or of any world but this sunlight on the edge of spectral forests.

Tennyson from his cloud leans his curled beard over this happy animal world and quotes from himself, "I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains." "Which gains?" one murmurs, and moves on down a plantation byway where strings of black children in pinks and blues cloud dark and then flash white teeth as our shadow leaves them, down piney aisles by the great ditch dug once in sweat and pain and laughter that the water might flood the rice fields at the appointed time, and the rice go to the mill, and the money come home to Fair Lawn or Hampton, Harrietta or El Dorado, building the great house which now is fading behind the Corinthian portico into the jungle that comes to meet it across the ruined quarters from the forest, planting the slumbrous avenue of live oaks that drape their splendid melancholy in torn festoons of moss, a camouflage of spacious life withdrawn.

On by the broken flood gates until the forest lifts its knees above black water, and foot goes no further.

Gently the boat moves over water carpets of emerald weed and golden cups of bladderwort,

(*Continued on next page*)

*See Mrs. Peterkin's excellent "Black April" for more information as to this engaging demon of the swamps and the pine barrens.

**Snuggedy Swamp is, of course, a symbol; yet the name is real, though this description better fits the Santee than the Endisto. It may serve as title for the next new book by Du Bose Heyward, Herbert Sass, Josephine Pinckney, Beatrice Ravenel, or someone else of the Charleston School. Symbol or no, it has been painted by Alice R. Huger Smith in pictures that transcend reality.

American Novels

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

CURIOUSLY enough, many of the men and women who attempt literary criticism in America are moderately responsive to experiments in poetry and implacably opposed to the slightest innovation in the medium of prose fiction. Commencing with a mild hostility toward free-verse, when it uprose in America twelve years ago, their appreciations have now become elastic enough to include the shallow diableries of an E. E. Cummings and his cohorts. In the realm of the novel, however, their attitude is unyielding, and this stubbornness even extends to the few more radical and actual critics—men and women such as Joseph Wood Krutch, Kenneth Burke, Marianne Moore, and others—though the latter are willing to hail an impressionistic, moving-picture method such as that used by John Dos Passos in "Manhattan Transfer." Often, in extenuation of their obstinacy, many of these critics and "critics" contend that James Joyce, in "Ulysses," exhausted the possibilities in novel-experimentation, and that future novelists—for many generations at least—must accept him as their receding horizon. This position of final worship, however, frequently hides the desire to seize upon one huge literary pathfinder and employ him to discountenance the other explorers who may spring up after him. It would be safe to say that not one half of the critics who praise Joyce really understand or deeply appreciate him, and that very few of them are genuinely responsive to general experimentation in prose fiction, and the reasons behind this critical *impasse* are clear enough but scarcely ever admitted.

The novel has become a last refuge for critical and creative conservatives and liberals of all kinds because it is a medium in which they can more easily approach impressiveness without courting originality and without facing the demand for concentration

This Week

"Type Ornament." By *W. A. Dwiggins.*
"Quatrain." By *William Rose Benét.*
"The Road to the Temple." Reviewed by *Arthur Davison Ficke.*
"Monteverdi," and "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections." Reviewed by *Roy D. Welch.*
"Opium." Reviewed by *Malcolm Davis.*
"American Criticism," and "Transition." Reviewed by *Ernest Boyd.*
"Orient Express." Reviewed by *Arthur Ruhl.*
Qwertyuiop: A Shirtsleeves History.
"Forever Free." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*
"Morning, Noon, and Night." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

Next Week, or Later

"The Rebellious Puritan." Reviewed by *Julian Hawthorne.*

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inherent in verse and plays. Three hundred and fifty pages offer a broad shelter to those who would be baffled by the vivid, intensely stripped, and penetrating compression exacted by an infinitely shorter poem, or the swifter nudeness of unbroken dialogue, and within this wider space the writer can more readily defend and intrench whatever misconceptions, small prejudices, and mental lazinesses he may possess. They cannot be hidden or cunningly excused in the fiery, quick delvings of verse and plays, but in a novel they may be bolstered by a more leisurely and redundant process, with realistic and colloquial conversations lending plausibility to the distortions and limitations of the author's mind; with a detailed air of seriously investigating character, beneath which the author may hug his standstills and timidities; with that outpouring of immense, spontaneous, slipshod energy which is alone vital and breathing to most critics; and with hosts of stenographic and visual accuracies, attached to the men and women within the novel and bestowing a counterfeit of truth upon the author's mental and emotional restrictions and evasions.

* * *

It has been customary for the novelist to veil his intentions beneath an attitude of realistic detachment, and deluded critics have forever welcomed this concealment as an indication that the novelist was refraining from intruding upon his people and was advancing them in their actuality. In reality, such an impartial aloofness does not and could not exist. In this regard, novelists are divided into three wide classes—those who openly exhibit the prejudices, obsessions, and peculiarities that make them individuals; those who *lurk intensely* behind the scenes and watch the effect of their previous commands; and those who compromise by striving to appear and disappear at different times. The writers in the second class prefer to make themselves unobtrusive in the desire to assign an indirect persuasiveness to their individualities, with egotism becoming less offensive and more surfacely unassuming as it speaks through a variety of idioms, characters, and disguises. If a novelist of this kind is successful in his aim, an unusual amount of peering must be employed to establish his essential resemblance to the writers in the first and third classes—a deep and sustained scrutiny which would seem to be foreign to most critics of our time. This scrutiny can discover, however, that the difference between novelists apparently as dissimilar as Joseph Conrad and Sherwood Anderson is that of an infinitely careful masquerade as opposed to a flaunted and unashamed nakedness.

Joseph Conrad, with his fusion of tolerance and gloom—the patient and subdued irony of an aristocrat—hides behind bold narratives of sailors, adventurers, soldiers, and proud, mysterious women, and does not impede the motion and exterior drama of his plots by pausing to confess the likes and dislikes within his being. The prototypes of his characters would not invariably act and speak as they do in his novels, nor would they invariably fail to react in these days. Certain individuals among them, most responsive to his likes, or more appropriate material for his aversions, contend against each other in a drama arranged, qualified, and frequently even distorted by his individuality. These alterations are least manifest because they occur beneath a stripped and quick-rhythmed story where every effort is made to advance them *under* the narrative-devices of faithful and abundant vernacular, unburdened action, and accurate local-color. In an Anderson novel, on the other hand, the characters are frankly moulded and directed by the author's egotism. Their relation to possible duplicates in life is by no means more remote than that of the Conrad men and women—it has simply been relegated to a secondary position in the aims of the novelist. Anderson does not consciously seek to contort his characters but candidly reveals and even glories in the designs, admirations, and hatreds within him, which dominate the motives and words of his human beings. His people are neither real nor unreal, but selected, exaggerated, and diminished in an open way—a process which, in Conrad, occurs beneath every possible semblance of obliteration. Wandering through the nooks, highways, and seas of this world, however, one might become a trifle nonplussed at the difficulty of discovering men and women who spoke, lived, and reacted substantially in the same ways in which they do on the pages of the two novelists in question. One might find many resemblances, but an equal if not greater number of contradictions, discrepancies, and omissions would also be unearthed, and if the wanderer did not happen to be a literary critic, he might yield to the additional worry of not always being quite certain whether his perceptions were not leading him astray, in the same measure to which those of Conrad and Anderson operated.

The doctrine of reality in prose-fiction—of a naturally breathing, indisputable replica of men, women, and their moving or inanimate backgrounds—is the imposing myth which is preventing the novel from developing at present, and which has tended to restrict it in the past. The characters in a novel are and must be essentially *imaginary*—characters transformed as they emerge from the half-misty maze of the writer's recollections and from the inevitable frustrations, desires for triumph, and general fallibility which dominate this remembrance. When this fallibility is by no means patent or absurdly demonstrated, and when it is able to defend itself through the use of a deliberately brilliant or spontaneously dramatic presentation, the novelist wins a firm place in the literature of his time and secures a large or small band of readers and admirers. If his prejudices and desires are largely in harmony with those of an abundant number of the educated and culture-striving people within his time—or a considerable fraction thereof—he becomes popular and remains so unless the number dwindles radically in succeeding generations. If, on the other hand, his aversions and delights are reiterated by a much smaller group of people, he becomes relatively unpopular unless this group expands after his demise. In no case, however, is his appeal founded upon the truth and realistic fidelity of his work. His readers, of course, may tell themselves that they have accepted or rejected him on the strength of such an appeal, but in such a case they are merely exhibiting the human tendency to manufacture glowing and entirely unsupported reassurances. Except in those extreme cases where the novelist's sentimentality, commercial insincerity, grotesque intolerance, or small and shallow sermonizing, would seem to be both crude and obvious, his violation of reality is based upon evidences that can never be the same to all perceptions—a situation not necessarily connected with stupidity or intelligence!

One might travel about, with a stenographer and a moving-picture camera at hand, without in any way capturing this dodging and problematical essence, since it is even more concerned with the less visible and audible, and infinitely more entangled, presence of explanatory and often eradicating motives, causes, and objectives. In fact, the camera-stenographer method would militate against the plausibility of the reports, since they would remind one of Robots with suspiciously perfect surfaces, neither convincing nor unconvincing, but simply a succession of unsolved and noisily active exteriors. Many modern novelists, in their passionate chase of the reality-myth, succeed only in achieving a Vitaphone presentation—perfectly synchronized action, talk, and appearance, with the author's individuality sleeping uneasily beneath the presentation and occasionally awakening to interfere with the smooth accuracies of his court-reporting. In this manner, he provides his readers with that undelving, unoriginal, but compassionate and faithfully attired effect which is so captivating alike to the H. L. Menckens and Paul Rosenfelds of our time. When considering the works of Theodore Dreiser, Willa Sibert Cather, Joseph Hergesheimer, and other contemporary novelists, these critics discard their pretence of antagonism toward each other and join in one outburst of praise lavished upon the prose-fiction writers in question.

Their differences are largely concerned with twists in literary style, and one or two prejudices zealously guarded and advanced. Mr. Rosenfeld, for instance, would hail innovations in the selection and combination of verbs, adverbs, and adjectives, and would be more friendly to a wild immersion in sexual matters, whereas Mr. Mencken would dismiss these novelties as trivial, obscure, or unintelligible, and would desire his sex to be more cynically restricted, and more self-doubting. Underneath these contrasts, however, both critics follow the reality-myth and desire the characters in a novel to be convincing duplicates of the men and women in life. Their disagreement is upon what constitutes such a duplication, but their longings for it do not vary. In conjunction with most of the literary critics in this country, they are averse to the novelist who disregards their phantom and openly shapes his people according to the incentives which motivate his creations, and who interposes his peculiar philosophic and emotional outlook between the words and actions of his characters, in place of changing this outlook to a stage-director who disappears into the wings after the last rehearsal!

Of course, any critics is within his rights if he chooses to call a novelist fantastic when this novelist overwhelmingly affronts the critic's cherished delusion of reality, but when the critic goes further and claims that the particular offender is also obnoxiously egotistic, confined, and unprobing, the matter passes into one of disparaging wraiths—unsubstantiated allegations. An intense and fallible individuality is the unveiled or secret source of every writer's creations, and unless the critic can prove, *specifically and at length*, that this fallible ego has become unusually swollen and implausible in its contentions and analyses, he has no right to berate the author on the score of defiantly uncovered like and dislike.

When American novels desert their cut-and-dried, often tediously elaborate "plots;" when they become more concerned with inward investigations and less immersed in outward, colloquial, and visual fidelities; when they abandon the stumbling, unsubtle styles to which they cling, under the impression that they are reiterating the awkward vigors of actual life; when they regard reality as a lure and not as a definite end whose attainment can be clearly established; when they concentrate to one hundred and fifty or two hundred pages; and when they regard individuality as an inevitable foundation, and not as the spectre that must be subdued and qualified—when these alterations occur, the novelists in this country may approach in their own ways, the originality, and the brilliant and yet wistful edges of a Remy de Gourmont's "Horses of Diomedes." Until then, they will remain in their present stationary and admired situation.

Snuggedy Swamp

(*Continued from page* 673)

pushing between tapered columns in a gray dusk, green glowing at the roof. Turtles plop, bright alligators slide over black logs; a cypress, set with white birds as with candles, is suddenly awave with flashing wings as the ibis flock circles through the gloom to light. With slow beat the great white egrets fly over the bursting tree tops, each silent bank and dip and pulse an accent upon solitude.

Then the bayou of Snuggedy Swamp, a landscape from the moon, where spectral cypresses bow mossy beards, grey old men forgotten in a wilderness of black water; the quiet of Africa over still flowing water, still flowing moss in rhythm without motion, beautiful stagnation, the grey heart of the lowlands into which has drained all the slow melancholy of this deserted earth, and lies content there—a warbler singing like a tinkling bell in the dusk,—an egret in the sky. . . .

"What of it, poet?" It is impossible to answer with the assured obscurity of Browning. In the large it means too much, in the little only Snuggedy Swamp, and the herons just up from the tropics. It means no more than the seven mile sweep of a sea island beach, where the sturdy palmettoes wave their fronds over the last strong lift of ocean: "This is America. No further." It means neither more nor less.

Yet Snuggedy Swamp is older than the Woolworth Building and perhaps more powerful. We who are alive will all paddle through its cypress arches in time, or, if the wish prefers it, climb our Berkshire hill or high Sierra. Drop houses where you will and stretch developments from Florida to Long Beach and back by way of California, you cannot subdue the singular nor keep the noncomformist eye to the geometry of a city block. We will use the apparatus of your civilization and thank Progress for hot water and a safety razor and a car that follows the back country ruts, but we will not give up good talk, good thought, and Snuggedy Swamp if the majority itself in form of Beelzebub (whose name was legion) insists that the way of life is comfortable dulness and its object getting nowhere in particular in a terrible hurry. If the commonalty will not ask for ibises let them have Long Island duckling. No tripe for us. There is still balm in Gilead which only fastidiousness can appreciate. There would be no literature if they should drain all the Snuggedy Swamps.

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G. C. Cook: Mad Humanist

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE. By SUSAN GLASPELL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

THIS book is the biography of a real man, George Cram Cook; but so varied was this man's life that montony is the last thing the reader need fear to find in it.

It is difficult to write even a review that concerns Cook without emotion; for his glowing, rich, child-sweet personality haunts, like the echoes of a bell, the memories of all who knew him. Therefore it is no small achievement for Miss Glaspell that she has created here a vivid, moving, but never sentimental picture of this man who was her husband.

George Cram Cook, Charles Edward Russell, Susan Glaspell, Floyd Dell, Harry Hansen, and the writer, all came from the same Mississippi Valley town, Davenport, Iowa. Probably if the average man in that town were asked today, he would give it as his opinion that five out of those six people had achieved certain degrees of success in the outside world as writers; but that the sixth was a complete failure. The sixth would be Cook.

And that is, in a sense, perfectly true. Yet George Cook's failure was of a kind considerably more interesting and useful than most men's successes; and one thinks of him along with such other abject failures as Blake and Shelley. His genius was not as great as theirs, but his passion was the same.

Cook's life was a search for illumination—for a rich and humane and beautiful way of living out one's mortal days—for a completeness of experience, emotional and intellectual, such as most men never even dream of. The simple, straightforward path of the average citizen held no allurements for him; he would cheerfully have shot himself rather than accept the standardization required of the prosperous man in present-day America. He dreamed dreams of a life made free and beautiful and coöperative for all men; and because of this crime he was looked on a little condescendingly by the unimaginative world into which he was born. He had Goethe's passion for universal scope of emotion and of knowledge; and Miss Glaspell's title, "The Road to the Temple," is accurately descriptive of the path on which Cook spent his fifty years. Any man who spends his life on that road will of necessity sacrifice many things—among which is likely to be the pleasure of hearing other men call him a success.

* * *

Miss Glaspell, in relating this story, does precisely what Cook's living presence did: she puts before our eyes the picture of a life lived for the sake of values that are not the colorless values of ordinary lives, but in which a creative freshness and a fearless searching are the actuating forces. The influence of this spirit of Cook's was very widespread. Many a successful living writer or painter owes more than he knows to Cook's visionary, impassioned, forever idealistic conversations. His enormous influence on the development of the Provincetown Players is one example. It may be said without too great exaggeration that out of Cook's imagination grew a large part of the development of the American theatre which we have witnessed during the last fifteen years.

This story of Cook's life—and it is really a story, not a dry account of dates and deeds—begins with Cook's early days on the old Mississippi Valley farm which he always managed to make so romantic. He made the farm romantic by virtue of his own deep sense of past lives and future lives hovering around the old place; he lived with depths of time around him, and the air was thick for him with invisible presences. He thus gave to his own life a kind of symbolic dignity: on the one side, he was always conscious of the great Mississippi River rolling endlessly down the valley; on the other side, he always felt the great river of civilization flowing down the ages from those Greek hills where he was eventually to die. During all the years of his varied life, these two things were his spiritual well-springs. The story ends when, at the age of fifty, he lay dead at Delphi, with a chorus of lamenting Greek shepherds around him.

He was novelist, philosopher, teacher, playwright, farmer, poet, soldier, violinist, lover, drinker, dreamer, actor, revolutionist, mystic. He made endless fragmentary notes about everything that interested him—and that included almost everything in the world, past, present, or future. With great skill, Miss Glaspell incorporates some of these passages in her narrative, and produces an effect of almost startling vividness and reality. One actually hears the man's voice—that deep rich voice, with its great laugh never very far away. One of these notes,—unconsciously symbolic, perhaps,—says of his boyhood days beside the Mississippi: "I built the city of Troy in the sand on the shore of the island, while Dad and his friends fished from the boat or along the shore. They seldom caught anything." George Cook, also, seldom caught anything; he never tried; but his city of Troy still exists: it is this book.

" 'Capacity for thought and feeling is the test of man or woman. The production and appreciation of noble beauty is the test of civilization.' So, in the year 1896, spoke Instructor Cook, aged twenty-three, to the boys and girls of the cornfields." When he died at Delphi, twenty-eight years later, it was in the same faith.

Heaven help America when the last futile dreamer has been standardized out of existence!

Brilliant writer of fiction though Susan Glaspell is, one may well doubt whether she has ever invented a tale that is quite as thrilling as this true history—which she has related with fine artistry, and with the most noble respect for the memory of a noble man.

GEORGE CRAM COOK
In Greek peasant dress

A Great Composer

MONTEVERDI, HIS LIFE AND WORK. By HENRY PRUNIÈRES. Translated from the French by Marie D. Mackie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926.

THIRTY YEARS' MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By HENRY CHORLEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

Reviewed by ROY DICKINSON WELCH
Smith College

HENRY PRUNIÈRES'S study of the life and works of Monteverdi restores a great composer to his rightful place in the history of music. The new issue of Chorley's "Recollections" under the editorial guidance of Ernest Newman leaves many obscure musicians in their obscurity. M. Prunières writes as a historian, a critical historian deeply aware of the incontestable judgments that are due his subject. Chorley wrote of current musical events in mid-nineteenth century England and, necessarily, his chronicle lacks perspective. Both books, with the exception of certain parts of the "Recollections," which discuss operas still current, deal with music that has been touched with oblivion. Monteverdi's work emerges with the seal of immortality upon it. The singers and dancers in Chorley's pages are not really brought to life for us, nor do his enthusiasms for obsolete or obsolescent operas preserve them from the hand of time.

But these books have so little in common that it is unfair to contrast or compare them. The fortuitous chance that brought them to hand at the same moment does not justify bracketing them together. Both books do, however, speak of music which we seldom hear and of many musicians whom we shall never hear, and to that extent they have a common problem. No other art, save perhaps dancing, is so nearly impossible to reconstruct in a page of prose as music. The delight in expressive musical sounds, the marvel of their infinite nuance and combination, the movement, the life, these are not to be caught on a page of printed words. There is always something tangential about musical criticism. It touches the living art at one point or another and then runs a straight line into the personality of the critic. Some criticism, like that of Prunières in his "Monteverdi," very nearly succeeds in holding its object up to view, leaving the writer out of the picture. Other musical criticism is frankly a record of personal tastes and enthusiasms. This is Chorley's bent. There is much to be admired in both; certainly both attract readers—discriminating readers—after their own kind.

M. Prunières describes three important aspects of Monteverdi and his works. Each of these aspects is admirably dealt with and together they present the musician in the round. The man is here, a man living at the court of Mantua in the late sixteenth century and in the Serene Republic of Venice in the early seventeenth, living among these extravagant and high-handed societies with strict honor, chastity, and industrious sobriety. He occupied positions of eminence in both cities. His worth was recognized by his immediate associates and far beyond in Germany, France, and Flanders. The picture, as M. Prunières draws it, is of a man outwardly a little remote from the life about him, austere, even, in his bearing, but a man who understood that life better than those who lived it more unreservedly. A devoted husband, a solicitous father, a faithful official, he was, however, not a sycophant in a society which took obsequious gesture as common courtesy.

* * *

The picture of Monteverdi, the man, and the analysis of the influences under which he worked, illuminating as they are, are not the most valuable part of M. Prunières's study. The best part of the book is the description and appraisal of Monteverdi's music. This is what most needed to be done and what gives us a sense of the astounding insight and capacity of this man, who deserves to be named with Gluck and Wagner as the greatest influences in the lyric drama. Monteverdi's work, save for a few fragments, had been almost lost. The revival of an opera now and then (the most recent of these revivals occurred at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., when the "Incoronazione di Poppea" was given on April 27, 1926) and an air sung occasionally in concert were all of this astonishing music that we knew. For the rest we had the second or third hand accounts of the many dictionaries. But M. Prunières has gone to the manuscripts and the printed scores and he recounts his findings with such clarity and acumen that readers with no more than a modicum of technical learning may perceive the outlines of a great figure. Here we may follow the course of a genius who realized at a flash what was latent in the then new style of dramatic music. From 1600 when Canon Artusi aimed his famous critique, "On the Imperfections of Modern Music," at Monteverdi and Gesualdo, upbraiding these "modern composers for their desire to delight the 'sense' rather than to satisfy the 'reason'," from that time to the end of his career Monteverdi's "only object is to express as intensely as possible the passions which agitate the human soul!" Even a madrigal is for him "a means of reaching a new ideal, which he but dimly perceived (in 1605) and which defined itself more and more clearly, namely, dramatic expression." But he does not divest himself, as did the Florentine innovators of the new dramatic style, of all that the art of music had yielded: "he was too essentially a musician to resign himself to an impoverishment of music." Rather he uses his heritage of polyphony though he very early compelled polyphony to "appear in unwonted forms of almost monstrous beauty."

The revolution Monteverdi effected in the technic of his art, such as the use, in the fifth book of madrigals (1605), of chords of the seventh and ninth taken without preparation, the new discoveries in orchestral possibilities, the foreshadowings of the operatic aria—these, and other similar matters have been described before. They are amplified in M. Prunières' account. As facts they are not new; they take on new significance in these pages. The present English edition is a very competent translation by Marie D. Mackie. Numerous musical illustrations are supplied and forty-three of Monteverdi's letters are printed in Italian at the end of the volume. A summary of the contents of these letters is given in English.

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Not Narcotic

OPIUM: An Account of the Traffic in Narcotic Drugs. By JOHN PALMER GAVIT. London: Routledge. 1926.

Reviewed by MALCOLM W. DAVIS

TO most Americans opium means smoking dens in Chinatown, an Oriental vice, something that has nothing to do with them. It does not mean what it should mean—the drug traffic, a threat to social order and safety in their own towns, about which they know something under the term "dope."

Addiction to narcotic drugs is not simply one of the great ills of the present day; it is increasing menacingly. Behind it is a determined, highly organized, profitable, and ruthless international business. It is an outlaw trade that not only makes money out of the victims of an almost hopeless craving, but that creates dangers to the whole community. Thriving by breaking the rules of society, it is a potent breeder of all sorts of crime. An addict under the influence of dope is irresponsible; and under the incitement of desire for it he may go to any lengths to secure it. The New York State Commission of Prisons has said: "Every drug addict who is unable to buy or secure the drug is a potential criminal because of his suffering. . . . Addict after addict interviewed in the State prisons and jails said they committed highway robbery, burglary, forgery, and larceny so they could obtain the drug." Aside from all of the suffering and social waste from the use of drugs, no one knows how much the growth of crime in the United States may be related to the growth of the drug habit.

The great service which Mr. Gavit's book performs is to establish the association between the "opium problem" and the direct perils which it represents to the life of every nation. No one, after following through Mr. Gavit's discussion of the subject, can think of the problem as one of remote concern, an attempt to do away with a Far Eastern evil. This study makes the connection between poppy-growing in India and the peddling of morphine to drug fiends in the United States.

Many of the special volumes and reports on the drug traffic, written by other experts, are so exhaustive that they do not hold attention and so complicated in detail that they are not readily understood. They have to deal with a vast and complex subject, full of intricate ramifications and difficulties; and they do it in a manner which leaves the reader depressed and bewildered, without any clear sense of what might be done. Mr. Gavit, a practiced journalist and writer, as well as a special student and humanist, deals with his theme graphically and vividly. He has consequently succeeded in writing a book on narcotics which does not put the reader to sleep.

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At the same time, there is about his volume nothing hasty or superficial. It is the result of careful, painstakingly accurate work. Nothing essential is omitted; and the evidence and conclusions are accepted by experts as authoritative and reliable. The story is complete, with statistics of production and distribution, the facts as to the growing of poppy and coca from which narcotics are derived, the manufacture and sale of opium for smoking and eating and of morphine and other derivatives, the efforts that have been made to limit production to the actual medical and scientific needs of the world, the negotiations leading to the Hague Convention, and the International Opium Conferences at Geneva in 1924 and 1925. In addition there is material not ordinarily brought to the attention of general readers. For instance, there is a passage on the relation of the use of opium to public health, and the international menace created by a practice that leaves populations among whom it is common more subject to great plagues like cholera. Mr. Gavit emphasizes also the fact that the preparation of the drugs which endanger in so many subtle ways the life of civilized communities is an affair of the most advanced nations themselves, since the factories in which these products are made are all in their territories.

Throughout, the book makes it clear that the peril from the spreading use of drugs is one which can not be averted through isolated action by individual nations. By its nature, it involves international agreement and concerted action. It is a sobering book, but one to be read—if not with enjoyment—at least with undulled interest. It seems a pity that, so far, no American publisher has grasped the opportunity of presenting so significant and suggestive a work on a question of vital concern to the people of the United States.

Critical and Uncritical

AMERICAN CRITICISM, 1926. Edited by WILLIAM A. DRAKE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.50.

TRANSITION: ESSAYS ON CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. By EDWIN MUIR. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

THE first of these volumes was the third collection of essays and book reviews of this kind to appear during the closing months of last year. Mr. J. C. Bowman's "Contemporary American Criticism," and Mr. L. W. Smith's "Current Reviews" included most of the authors represented in Mr. Drake's selection and a great many more, for their aim seems to have been comprehensiveness. They presented their readers with specimens of the work of all the more or less important reviewers in this country. The reading of such compilations is not very exciting, and their usefulness must depend very largely on the extent to which the editors, in the discharge of their duties as instructors, warned their classes against mistaking inclusion in the volume for proof of merit.

What Mr. Drake's aim has been, prolonged examination of the book has failed to reveal to me. Unlike J. E. Spingarn's earlier collection, "Criticism in America," this volume does not represent the various schools of literary opinion in America nor the different phases of opinion within those schools. It does not aim at being inclusive, for the editor specifically repudiates that aim. But when he comes to a more positive declaration of his intentions they appear to be either negative or vague. "These are emphatically *not* the best critical essays of the year. Scholarly excellence has, in fact, very little to do with their selection." What, then, has Mr. Drake substituted for the only critical criterion which an editor of an anthology of criticism should uphold, when his purpose is not frankly to make his book all-inclusive and representative? These essays, he says, are "merely those" which, within the stated period, "have given the highest degree of pleasure and the most definite impression of general appeal and permanence of interest." Pleasure to whom? And on whom has an impression of permanence of interest been made? If to the editor, why does he not say so?

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I infer that it is he who thinks that a journeyman review of the life and letters of Cavour is of permanent interest, for he says: "I am not sure that this arbitrary selection of taste is not more reliable in the long run than a more sober consideration of academic merits." The arbitrary selection of an educated and experienced taste has given us some of the finest impressionistic criticism in the world. Yet, what is more unreliable than taste without knowledge and experience? If one had to choose between the gushing raptures of people who know little or nothing about art but think they know what they like, one would prefer the sober and pedantic hesitations of the scholars and academic writers at whom Mr. Drake takes a fling. I doubt if Mr. Paul Elmer More would mistake a timely and competent book review for a critical essay of permanent interest. At the same time Mr. Drake finds that "the generality of our critics . . . appear to know extremely little," and he deplores the tendency of journalism "which provides too few vehicles for serious essays, discourages their composition, and prefers light and topical reviews which do no more than trace the contours of a single book." Why, then, include precisely such reviews in this volume?

The editor's vagueness about his own standards is reflected in the lack of clear thinking in his Introduction and in the subsequent composition of the book. There are several good essays which by no stretch of logic can be termed criticism. An essay, a literary essay, a criticism, and a book review are four types of comment amongst which Mr. Drake should learn to distinguish, if he intends to issue further volumes in this series. He should not deprecate topical reviews tracing "the contours of a single book," and then reprint a review of a fragment of Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." He should beware of embracing too many contradictory points of view and losing a firm hold upon any one of them. He quotes Mr. Spingarn's finely worded definition of criticism as "that faculty of imaginative sympathy by which the reader or spectator is able to relive the vision created by the artist." Then he chooses, of all things in the world by Edmund Wilson, a quip which is nothing more than a prolonged statement of the author's lack of sympathy with the overwhelming majority of contemporary American writers. By the same token the English quarterly reviewers were critics in Mr. Spingarn's sense when they flayed Wordsworth and Keats, even when Wilson and Croker at least attempted some reasoned explanation of their hostile judgments. Mr. Wilson merely invites us to respect his *ipse dixit*, which does not rest, after all, on any more tangible critical achievement than some years of current book reviewing, as he himself says.

If Mr. Drake will turn to Edwin Muir's "Transition" he will find exactly what a critical essay, as distinct from a review, is like, for Mr. Muir's chapters on T. S. Eliot, Lytton Strachey, James Joyce, Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, and others, are the kind of essay which one might expect to find in Mr. Drake's anthology. The author's title indicates the definite viewpoint from which he considers these writers who reflect this age of transition. He writes soberly and with authority, for he does not affect to scorn that knowledge which puts a critic in possession of all the facts, before he proceeds to utter statements which, when not based upon scholarship, at once discredit what follows, however brilliantly written, or even however true in the main. The fact that a critical essay may be right in its main contentions does not constitute its author a sound critic if he has betrayed his ignorance in the course of it.

There are several excellent chapters in Mr. Drake's anthology which should not be obscured by the editorial pronouncement which precedes them. "Self-conscious America," by Sinclair Lewis; "Anon Is Dead," by H. S. Canby, and "The American Background," by Edgar Lee Masters, are excellent examples of the literary essay proper. A criticism which is more than a review of Barrett Wendell's Letters is H. L. Mencken's "The Last New Englander." On the other hand, "Pseudo-Literature," by Waldo Frank, loses all its possible value as a literary essay because of the evident lack of a sense of criticism in such references as that which tries to dismiss Edith Wharton as "inept." Mrs. Colum's appreciation of Stuart P. Sherman is ingenious, despite the statement: "He does, of course, occasionally write about European authors," which overlooks the fact that nine out of the eleven essays in "On Contemporary Literature" deal with Europeans, and that twelve of the twenty-four authors discussed in "Critical Woodcuts" are not Americans. But there is real critical humor in her comment that "he, somehow, writes about them in a provincial sort of way which reminds one of nothing so much as the Chinese manner of depicting a lion." It is a pity that Mrs. Colum did not attempt to solve the dilemma presented by the contrast between the criticism of Stuart Sherman's academic leisure, contained in "On Contemporary Literature," and that of his journalistic routine in "Critical Woodcuts." There is surely one of the most curious phenomena of American criticism.

Early in the spring there will be published the fourth volume of David A. Wilson's monumental life of Carlyle. This will deal with "Carlyle at His Zenith, 1848-53." Mr. Wilson was formerly in the Indian Civil Service, and has devoted his retirement to the biography which will, in 1929, be complete in six volumes.

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Mr. Dos Passos on a Camel

ORIENT EXPRESS. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

HERE we have the Young Generation—flip, brassy, wistful nevertheless; expressionism and all—on the edge of the Orient.

The book—bound in mauve and pale blue, with blazing red and yellow illustrations by the author—is for the most part a sort of travel diary of a flying trip through the Near East, and for the lesser part a kind of ode or disordered dream on travel itself, on the monkeys our own inventions, Cook's Tours, "ocean greyhounds," expresses *de luxe*, airplanes, etc., have made of us.

The point of view—the unterrified American, thinking his own thoughts and dash those muffiny ancients!—is at least as old as "Innocents Abroad;" but the manner, of course, is very up to date, not to say, a jump or two beyond it.

Venice, the Coney Island of Coney Islands, the Midway of history built for goggle-eyed Westerners out of the gaudy claptrap of the East, and through it all the smell of tidewater, rotting piles, mudflats, a gruff bodysmell under the lipstick and perfume and ricepowder, a smell desolately amorous like chestnut blooms, like datura, like trodden cabbages. . . .

The method of hitting off a city, country, or what you will, is something like this:—a string of suggestive nouns or subject clauses, not necessarily integrated into "ideas" or coherent sentences; a smell or two, a dash of "sex," another of absinthe, French or something, to give the cosmopolitan air; and then every now and then a quick back-jump to "New York, New Haven and Hartford," "Congressional Limited," or "when we were kids," to make the rest even more piquant, and show that, after all, we're a regular American.

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The value of this sort of thing, is, of course, not for what it tells about the scenes through which the author happens to be shooting—"lapus-lazuli water," "a white that bites" and smells "desolately amorous," apply just as well to Rio as to Constant—but for what it tells, if anything, about the author himself, or at least, what Mr. Dos Passos is stimulated by these scenes to tell about life.

Clever, the stuff is, in much the manner of the frightfully clever young men of the early '90's, or more, perhaps, in the manner of those of the moment—just before dinner, and after a game of squash, a swim in the tank, and two or three cocktails. In such aerial circumstances, it sounds incredibly amusing and penetrating, yet—always granting that if you like it this is the sort of thing you like—strung through a whole book and across such an extent of the earth's surface, a little seems to go a long way.

As for the concrete that now and then slips through, almost in spite of Mr. Dos Passos, I found one bit on page 37, which seemed both good impressionism and good sense. Here, in a brief picture of a Caucasus Bolshevik telling the theory of the new Russian schools, how the children will learn by touching things, doing things, outdoors, in the fields, woods, "among the orchards where there are bees." Without becoming any more "journalistic," Mr. Dos Passos does contrive to get across, while seemingly characterizing a stray Bole, one of the significant facts about the Russian Revolution—an idea that about ninety-nine of the commentators on post-Revolutionary Russia miss.

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Just what he is driving at, if anything, in his somewhat delirious shorthand on travel, revolution, etc., toward the end of the book, is a bit hard to get. The East makes him sick with its "Morris Gest romance," (which will be a hard blow to Asia, certainly), and he wants to go West where life is. Yet he wonders if all we've got is worth "the drowsiness of kif and a man alone in the sheer desert shouting the triumphant affirmation: There is no God but very God; Mahomet is the prophet of God!"

How to eat one's cake and keep it. . . . Is Mr. Dos Passos hurrahing for bigger and better speed, of which he seems to use a good deal, himself, or down with the whole of it? One can't make out. The contention that our so-called civilization is largely on the wrong track is not at all difficult to accept, provided the protestant has dug himself in on some other spiritual affirmation which rules the first out. The contention is less moving when it seems to have no particular roots, but to spring merely from uneasy nerves, twittering in the void.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

III. (*Concluded*)

IN my last instalment I commented briefly upon the wide-spread discussion caused by the month-long International Exhibition of Modern Art held at the 69th Regiment Armory early in 1913. Probably one hundred thousand people in all were drawn to the show, and while it furnished our comic papers with manifold subsequent jokes and pictures, and even aroused the wrath of the conventionally-minded in certain quarters, it remains, as one looks back upon it, one of the most significant and important demonstrations of the time. It marked a direct break with tradition. In literature such a divergence *en masse* had not yet impressed itself uopn the public mind. Our public was not yet aware of Gertrude Stein, of Joyce, of Anderson, nor even of the "Others" that Alfred Kreymborg was bringing up by hand. Experimentation, particularly in poetry, was well under way, but the public paid it only moderate attention. In the Armory show, however, there was a direct visual attack. Even though one made no effort to understand and went with the avowed intention of hooting, the retina absorbed a startling new experience before the conventional mind had time to register its revulsion.

People stood and scratched their heads before Picabia's "The Dance at the Spring," but talk about Picabia began. Journalism hunted out a rather shy young man named Picasso, in France, and wrote him up for our Sunday papers. A lady interviewer talked to a strange Welshman known as Augustus John, in London. He called for her at the woman's club at which she was staying and his first remark was, "My God, I never saw so many women in my life!" as he hasted to the street again. Finally, over a prolonged restaurant meal his interviewer drew him out to mention one Wyndham Lewis as a painter and to speak of Epstein's monument to Oscar Wilde. Matisse he expressed an interest in. Matisse had had fifty canvasses displayed at the Armory show. But, "Post-Impressionism," said John, "what a foolish name it is." He was not interested in name-tags for art but in art itself, not in modes and "movements" but in individual expression.

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Meanwhile, also in London, the Poetry Bookshop had come into being on Theobald's Road. "Georgian Poetry 1911-1912" appeared. Various quaintly beautiful broadsides and leaflets, some of them bearing the decorations in color of the extraordinarily talented Lovat Fraser, master of the reed pen, were a sign of the times. Though Masefield was the man of the hour so far as modern poetry was concerned, among the seventeen contributors to the book of Georgian poetry stood names soon to be quite as widely known. For instance, here was a poem entitled, "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester," the author of which was a young man called Rupert Brooke. And people were not yet so well acquainted with "Insurrections" and "The Hill of Vision" that "In the Poppy Field" by one James Stephens seemed to them merely some more quite characteristic work by an established writer.

> Mad Patsy said, he said to me,
> That every morning he could see
> An angel walking on the sky. . . .

There were a number of mad Patsys in the then younger generation all suddenly loose upon the world together. In our own country there was Vachel Lindsay. His "General Booth Enters into Heaven," came out in Miss Monroe's *Poetry*, was reprinted and quoted everywhere, and the average reader became aware of a kind of literary experimentation he or she could easily understand, one that conveyed the authentic spinal thrill. England, of course, was, after the war, to become aware of Lindsay as a literary reciter as astonishing to them as the Joaquin Miller they had lionized in the 'eighties. And Lindsay, incidentally was later to rebel energetically against their harping upon the "jazz" side of his genius. Be that as it may, Miller, himself a remarkable figure in our literature, had died on February 17, 1913. His name Joaquin he had taken from Joaquin Murietta, the Mexican bandit whom he had spiritedly defended in the press. His body was burned on a funeral pyre, on a cairn of stones he had built with his own hands,—his ashes scattered to the winds as he had wished. This was on Rocky Hill, just above his home at Oakland Heights, California. He had built his pyre of great granite boulders back in 1878. Near to it was one huge rock which bore in white letters the inscription, "To the Unknown."

And far, far away from Miller's cairn, far South, over land, over sea, in the perilous regions of the antarctic, another cairn of stones marked the last resting place of one of the gallant adventurers of all time. In that same February the news of the death of Robert Falcon Scott, the English antarctic explorer, had startled the world. Scott had left London on the first of June in 1910. He had reached the South Pole on the eighteenth of January, 1912. On the return trip he perished. His venture had long been a front-page feature of our newspapers. He was believed to be returning safely. But no; he had solved one Unknown only to be confronted with another insoluble to living effort.

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Well, all Washington flocked to Wilson's inauguration. Bryan became Secretary of State. The Secretary of Commerce, William C. Redfield of New York, was, incidentally, the author of a volume entitled "The New Industrial Day." It dealt with the "fundamental laws of sociological uplift." Meanwhile there was industrial warfare in West Virginia, war to the knife. *The Masses* printed biting commentary upon it, in word and picture. The famous "Mother" Mary Jones, a white-haired labor leader at eighty, was in the forefront of the fight. The miners finally won a nearly complete victory. There was industrial war in Paterson, in the silk mills. Big Bill Haywood, Carlo Tresca, and Elizabeth Gurley Flinn who had been strike-organizing since the age of fifteen, rallied the ranks of labor. In England the cause of equal suffrage had engendered direct action. A shocking symbol of it was the pitiful death of Miss Emily Wilding Davison, who threw herself in front of the King's horse at Epsom on Derby day, bringing down horse and rider and rendering up her life in a gesture.

"Direct action," in every phase of industrial change and political emancipation, was exhaustively discussed—and much feared. Socialism was still feared, but that was a fairly old story. A new novel, taking organized socialism for a background, was, in fact, highly commended in the New York *Times*. The author, Arthur Bullard, was then disguised under the name of "Albert Edwards." The book was "Comrade Yetta." Bullard had travelled in Russia and Africa; he had been a social worker and a journalist. The heroine of "Comrade Yetta" was a little Russian Jewess out of an East Broadway bookshop. Her sweatshop life, her adventures strike-picketting, her allegiance to the cause of Socialism, were all set forth in a moving and powerful story with authentic atmosphere. Bullard had hardly finished the book when he was off to investigate what was happening in Greece and the Balkan states. A great deal was happening. As a parody of the day expressed it,

> 'Twas bulgar and the ferdinand
> Did serb and balkan with the greek
> *concluding*
> And as tchatalja lines he'd russ,
> The warwithturk, all tired of strife,
> Scutaried through the Bosphorus
> And islamed for his life.

A plethora of books spread far and wide on every hand concerning the Balkan war. Fiction was by no means overshadowing the spring book season. Philosophy was picking up. Bergson had gone through nine editions. Topics of the day that led to masses of printed matter were child labor, the minimum wage, and free speech. Then there was one Arsène Pujo of Louisiana, one of the lesser members of the House of Representatives, whose name suddenly became known all over the country because it labelled a committee that began an investigation to determine wbether there was or was not a Money Trust. Cartoons on this subject broke out like a rash all over the land. A concentration of credit pointing to the danger of a private financial oligarchy necessitated the calling of many most eminent witnesses. Finally George F. Baker, chairman of the First National Bank of New York,

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admitted under fire that this concentration was probably dangerous, after some of the eminent had pooh-poohed the fact that it existed at all.

Important to us here in New York was the opening, on the second of February, of the new one hundred and eighty million Grand Central Terminal, with its seventy acres and its thirty-two miles of track. Twenty-five million people were to pass its gates annually. And, on the first of May, the Woolworth Building first received those myriad bees of business long to throng its multicellular hive. These, as I say, were matters of local interest. So was the fact that Mayor Gaynor frowned upon the one-step, tango, and grizzly bear. But our newspapers widened our horizon. We absorbed accounts of the general strike in Belgium, of the illness of Pope Pius X, of the assassination of the King of Greece, of Liebknecht's expose of the Krupps in the Reichstag, of the Dayton flood, —and on Sunday perhaps we read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's article on England's next war, answering General von Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," in which Sir Arthur pointed out among other things that he himself was a member of the Anglo-German society, which was designed to promote amity between the two countries, and that he had never really believed in the German menace at all.

And perhaps we yawned a bit over that, as it all seemed very far away and unimportant,—and languidly took up the rotogravure section, to appraise the portrayal by Paul Helleu, the French etcher, of those he considered the most beautiful women in this our America. Or perhaps—.

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Lincoln in Fiction Guise

FOREVER FREE. A Novel of Abraham Lincoln. By HONORE WILLSIE MORROW. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

TO make Lincoln the central figure and hero of a novel was a daring venture. It could not possibly be a complete success: fiction cannot challenge history so directly and escape the logical penalty. It ceases in large part to be fiction at all, and yet it annoys the informed reader by the gross liberties it takes with historical fact. When we find the third chapter of this book introducing a beautiful spy named Miss Ford into the White House, a highy melodramatic invention, and at the same time treating Lincoln, Seward, Welles, McClellan, and all the rest with careful precision, putting into their mouths speeches that they actually said, we fear the worst. We foresee a queer mélange of the literally true and the preposterously untrue. We fear to find Lincoln escaping from some vile plot of the lovely spy to the Cabinet meeting at which he reads first Petroleum V. Nasby and then the Emancipation Proclamation, or Lincoln winning Miss Ford over to the Union side by the grace with which he recites the letter to Mrs. Bixby.

As a matter of fact, the novel proves to be much better than such forebodings would suggest. It is written with care and literary skill; it is carefully documented; it is interesting from beginning to end. Take away the absurd sub-plot about the spy Miss Ford, her work as social secretary in the White House, and her intrigues with Confederate emissaries, and we have left a great deal of adroit and plausible historical portraiture. Lincoln becomes a human figure, and if not quite the man we had supposed, Mrs. Morrow is as much entitled to her own interpretation as Mr. Nathaniel Stephenson. The peppery Mrs. Lincoln, first indulging in some "tantrum" and then all contrition before her "Abra'm," is ably realized. The impudent McClellan, the boyish, debonair John Hay, the forthright Stanton, the benevolent Father Welles, all speak and act like consistent human beings, not mere historical puppets. There is a good deal in the background and episodes with which the historical expert would quarrel, but the author achieves her aim of investing the period, the place, and the famous people with a very considerable degree of reality.

Mrs. Morrow has been happy in her choice and limitation of the central theme. Refusing to be drawn into an attempt to deal with all Lincoln's four years in the White House, she centers her attention upon the struggle of 1861-62 over the emancipation issue. In one aspect, it was a tense and dramatic political struggle, the abolitionists and radicals insisting that Lincoln make the freeing of the slaves as well as the restoration of the Union an object of the war. In another aspect it was a painful psychological struggle, Lincoln hesitating, doubting, but finally deciding that however it embittered the struggle, emancipation would help the North to victory. Mrs. Morrow's final scene, the absurd Miss Ford having been bloodily removed from the action, shows Lincoln dipping his pen in a bottle of ink held for him by Taddie, and, with Cabinet members standing in the background, signing his name to the Emancipation Proclamation.

A Romance of Avignon

THE POPE OF THE SEA. By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $2.50.

BLASCO IBAÑEZ calls this, his newest novel—it has only recently appeared in Spain—"an historical medley." Actually it is a guide-book novel of the baldest sort. The fictional element is slight and can be easily thrust to one side. A young Spaniard of historical interests and ample leisure falls in love with an Argentine widow of great wealth and beauty, and volunteers to act as her cicerone in Avignon. Thus begins a courtship which is pursued through sixteen chapters of historical disquisition, which ranges geographically from Avignon and Perpignan to the old Spanish town of Peniscola, and which finally ends in Don Claudio's conquest of his beloved Rosaura. The characters are the merest shadows; it is the descriptions of Avignon and the other old towns, and the evocation of the history connected with them, which interests Blasco Ibañez.

The history is done with dash and color, though with inevitable sketchiness. Blasco Ibañez describes the migration of the Papacy to Avignon, the gay, rich life of the medieval town on the banks of the Rhône, and the construction of the great papal palaces. He pictures the pilgrimages, the triumphal exhibition of captive Moors, the arrival of monarchs, the flirtations, the dances on the bridge, and the street-fighting. Some pages are given to the poet Petrarch, who graced Avignon with his residence. Then Blasco Ibañez, speaking always through Claudio, goes on to the great papal schism, and to the feud between church and empire. Claudio is especially concerned with one of the Spanish antipopes, the Archbishop Pedro de Luna of Toledo, who was elected by the Avignon cardinals in 1394 under the title of Benedict XIII, and who proved an adroit and unscrupulous antagonist of the regular pope, Boniface IX. We hear at great length of the character, exploits, and crimes of Luna, and we follow him to his sea-girt fortress, the little promontory of Peniscola, when he is driven into exile. It was his residence in this ocean stronghold which gave him his title of "the pope of the sea," and it was here that, after various attempts on his life, he met a secluded and peaceful end. Blasco Ibañez narrates the whole story with ease and grace. The result can hardly be called a successful novel, but it is a good book for the tourist to take with him to Spain and southern France.

A First Novel

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT. By KENNETH PHILLIPS BRITTON. Hartford, Conn.: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THIS is one of those excellent first novels that one would like to praise unreservedly. And if the whole book kept pace with its parts one could. For its best parts do more than promise: they fulfil. Paris in its rôle of "the public playground for American children" (Mr. Britton's phrase) has been exploited in more than one recent novel. Mr. Britton's Paris is as gay and meaningless, as drunk and aimless as Nancy Hoyt's and Ernest Hemingway's. But, though it is less buoyant than the one and less brittle and crystalline than the other, it is something more than either of them. It takes its stand not only at the Ritz bar and the cabarets of Montmartre, but memorably at the Gare St.-Lazare; it peeps at the resident colony and the would be resident colony from the rue Balzac; it avoids for the most part—thank Heaven—the Dôme and the Rotonde. The author's observations along the way are both shrewd and witty and if he gives us no taste of the Paris of the French, he at least cuts through the glazed icing of the American Paris and shows it for what it is.

Moreover, before he transfers his heroine from a Rhode Island village to Paris he manages to excavate below the stony pastures of a small New England community and bring up not mere scraps and potsherds but several vases of notable quality. His heroine throughout the earlier pages, for all her drabness, has vitality. It is after she goes to Paris and as a woman of thirty-five acquires "a twenty-five veneer and a notoriety complex" that she slowly hardens into something not quite human. She and Connie, despite their high spirits and the clever things they say, too often turn into painted mannequins. Especially is this true when the plot quickens not of itself but of its author's hot-house forcing. The stagey Mrs. Judson, the incident of the stolen earrings, the callow melodrama connected with the heroine's frustrated "initiation" are quite unworthy of the book at its soundest and sincerest. But at its soundest and sincerest it sets a high standard, and both author and publisher are to be congratulated on this, their first venture.

A Chinese Classic

THE RESTITUTION OF THE BRIDE. Translated from the Chinese by E. BUTTS HOWELL. New York: Brentano's. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD BROWN

IN this volume Mr. Howell adds to his earlier translations from the Chinese classic "Chin Ku Chi Kuan," a collection of stories written by two unidentified scholars during the middle of the seventeenth century. Being the fruit of a civilization which knew itself and possessed a common background of ideas, they are stories with a theme. One tells of the rewards of virtue, another of the lack of dependence which worth has upon social class; and two, at least, out of the six deal with the problem of luck, or fate. There is nothing here, certainly, to confuse a western reader. Up until the present time, when our system of values is subject to question on every hand, these and other general conceptions served as the framework upon which many an author erected his literary house. And with such a central core universally conceded, it was infinitely simpler to make one's writing intelligible and effective. This is what the stories at hand are to a surprising degree.

But not only are they emotionally convincing because of sound philosophical basis; they give evidence in addition of an art which was just as definitely conceived. Theme, and especially character are present, but subordinated to the story's value as entertainment. The authors were aware that the art of the *chef* and the story-teller are equally designed to cause delight, the one concocting his dishes for the palate, the other for the brain, an organ doubtfully subtler in its reactions. Both organs, however, are more exacting in some people than in others. There are certain palates which prove jaded to ordinary food, as there are certain minds too fine for other than the subtlest and most delicate patterns of art. These will find refreshment in "The Restitution of the Bride."

We have to thank Mr. Howell for presenting this fragile world unmarred. His translation is clear and unaffected, while his notes illuminate and do not intrude. The illustrations by a native artist add to the flavor of the whole.

Roman Days

DAWN. By IRVING BACHELLER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. $2.50.

MR. BACHELLER could hardly have chosen a more appealing or colorful period in which to lay the scenes of his new historical novel. Purporting to record the adventures of a Greek girl converted to Christianity during the lifetime of Christ (she is assumed indeed to be the woman taken in adultery), the tale moves from the sands of the desert to the bazaars and temples of great cities, from the luxurious homes of the Romans to the dens of Ishmaelite bandits, from the hovels of the faithful to the prisons and palaces of their oppressors.

Merging with the tale of Doris and of her long wanderings in search of her lover are episodes from the public life and the last days of Christ and from the teaching and martyrdom of His disciples. Doris comes into intimate contact not only with the humbler members of her faith, the halt and blind who were healed, but also with the great teachers of the day, St. Paul, Barnabas, and Apollos. She herself acquires a potent eloquence in spreading the gospel. And in her journeys from one end of the Holy Land

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to the other she encounters every conceivable adventure and every conceivable type of person. Escaping from the snares of outlaws and bandits, she faces imprisonment or death in the arena at the hands of the Romans; rejecting the advances of Caligula and Vespasian, she is threatened by the cruelty of the Pharisees and the High Priest. Yet she remains ever young and beautiful, loving and beloved, a typical heroine with a saving vanity that makes her almost human.

Here then is a pageant of Oriental richness, a romance crowded with incidents, a somewhat pedestrian and episodic narration of great and stirring events. Historically the picture seems accurate enough. (The reviewer has noted only that the connections of Caligula and Vespasian with Judea at the time assumed by the story cannot be verified and that Rome's persecution of the Christians is probably dated too early. The misspelling of Tiberias is a little confusing.) The language is of course the pseudo-Biblical language necessitated by the subject. Sometimes it is quite effective, sometimes a little dry and hard. (The incident of the lions' cave, for example, has recently been more tersely and delicately related by Martin Armstrong in his "Desert"). Sentimentality for the most part is commendably absent. What one misses in the tale is the creative touch, the imaginative insight into characters and events, that might have made of such a theme a thing of significant beauty.

A Post-War World

THE LONGEST SHADOW. By JEFFERY E. JEFFERY. Boston: Little, Brown Company. 1927. $2.

NOWADAYS when a serious novelist writes of the post-war world without bitterness, irony, or satire, we are apt to find his flavor slightly old-fashioned. We are so accustomed to the wormwood, masquerading as absinthe, which is offered us by the perverse school of fiction that, when we come upon a piece of good white bread, we may mistake it for a marshmallow. Yet Mr. Jeffery himself graduated from the war with wounds and medals to his credit. In an era of strident disillusionment he might well be forgiven for beating his breast and blowing his brasses with the rest.

Instead, he chooses to chronicle the spiritual problems of a civilized young man, a young man who persists in retaining his crusader's zeal and in remaining a visionary despite the ghastly realities of the war and despite his disheartening affair with a complex, sophisticated, and ruthless modern woman. Philip Queste is a romanticist and an idealist; the girl he loves is a rather unprincipled hedonist; his friends and family are in varying degrees practical persons adjusted to their environment. Mr. Jeffery pictures the clashing standards and temperaments of all these people against the background of an England still struggling with the changes wrought by the war. His tale is stirringly simple and essentially convincing.

Although the author lacks the protestant note characteristic of the earlier Galsworthy, his sensitiveness to fine-grained living and thinking is reminiscent of the greater novelist's. His characters, too, emerge in something the same way that Galsworthy's do, rounding themselves out alone, unaided apparently by auctorial modeling. The scenes between Philip and Judy—their quarrels and reconciliations, his difficulty in believing her other than the goddess of his dreams—are managed with beautiful impartiality. The influence of Philip's mother upon her son is suggested with exactly the right degree of emphasis,—the influence of an impulsive woman who ran away from her respectable husband with a lover and bequeathed to Philip a curious letter urging him to cultivate and exult in his emotions. There are other fine things in the book, notably the portrait of a woman widowed by the war, bitter, starving for love, unable to endure the happiness of others. Indeed Mr. Jeffery has accomplished his task with such thoughtfulness and artistry that one has no desire to call attention to the shallower places in his story.

"The Longest Shadow" is not to be classed as a great novel—in this sense few novels are great—but it is a pleasant book to read, a gracious, restrained, urbane book, soundly and delicately fashioned. After the tales of hectic inertia so fashionable at present, it seems almost too true to be good. But it is good—and a welcome antidote to the others.

The Bowling Green

The Folder

IT seems to be time for another dip into The Folder. When I had the good fortune to encounter Jim Whitall at lunch the other day he asserted candidly that the best Bowling Greens are those that come straight from The Folder. I have much respect for Jim's judgment: he was my editor-in-chief, eighteen years ago, on that admirable magazine *The Haverfordian*.

Even in so small a matter as anthologizing from The Folder it is necessary to use discretion. As A. L. remarked the other day, after examining one of the $20,000 copies of Colonel Lawrence's book, people immediately conclude that when documents are expurgated ("boulderized," a publisher friend of mine innocently calls it; and by the way, has anyone ever written a Life of Bowdler?) it is because portions were obscene. Not at all. Expurgations are usually for perfectly sound reasons of political and social expedience. The most interesting characteristic of man is that he is an animal keenly aware of alternatives.

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I find first of all a memorandum that, tastes in reading being what they are nowadays, it should be explained that Michael Sadleir's "Trollope" is not a book about a woman of the streets.

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59th Street writes:—

Why have you never stated that the sprightliest of all journals about books is that monthly *Books of Today and Tomorrow* issued by the famous bookshop Hatchard's in London, 187 Piccadilly? It is full of gorgeous chaff. Brentano's *Book Chat* is perhaps the nearest approach to it over here. The trouble with most American booksellers is that they feel they have a Mission to Uplift the public. The public wants to be amused. Hatchard's always advertise themselves as "Booksellers to Their Majesties the King and Queen." I wonder if Their Majesties ever read *Books of Today and Tomorrow*.

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Philadelphia writes:—

There's a cigarette ad that always catches my eye in theatre programs. I forget what cigarette, but the slogan is *For the man who feels entitled to life's better things.* I've always wanted to see a bookseller list some titles *For the man who feels entitled to read really unusual books.* My own list, this season, would begin like this:

As It Was, by H. T.
Mr. Gilhooley, by Liam O'Flaherty
Two Gentlemen in Bonds, by John Crowe Ransom
Trumpets of Jubilee, by Constance Rourke
Mr. Fortune's Maggot, by Sylvia Townsend Warner
The King's Henchman, by Edna St. Vincent Millay
The Ghost Book, edited by Cynthia Asquith
Marching On, by James Boyd

I am quite aware that this list would not do for anyone else.

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R. O. B., Chicago, writes:—

My mind is like one of those folding metal cups we used always to take to the Sunday School picnic, you know, with little rings fitting into each other, each smaller than the one above it. But it has many more rings and I spend most of my life peering down into them as they stretch away growing smaller and smaller. When I must be actively at something the thing simply folds itself up with a bit of clanking, ready to stretch out the moment activity ceases.

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There are a great many random notes and clippings in The Folder that would take some time to expound in detail. Some, too, whose explanation is uncertain. I don't know just why I preserved the newspaper cutting about LIFE POSSIBLE ON MARS. And here's a bulletin from a little agricultural college in Arkansas that rather pleased me by its honest simplicity. It is Commonwealth College, Mena, Ark., and the report, listing the resources of the institution, includes "Sweet potato dryer with vegetable cellar." There was something about that that gave me a thrill of admiration, more than I often get in reading about the big universities. The treasurer of Commonwealth College says "It takes approximately $25 a month during the school year to supply the gasoline and kerosene for the fifty-three lamps that make up the lighting system of the whole village. The entire cost of maintenance of each person at Commonwealth, member or student, averages annually about $125."

Commonwealth College appears to be founded on the ideas of Ruskin College in Florida, which was suggested by Ruskin College at Oxford, the first workingmen's college. It sounds good to me. Its little bulletin is well written and printed: it contains a description of sunset in the Ozarks that Ruskin himself would have relished. I've thought a good deal about that Sweet Potato Dryer.

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A clipping from a catalogue of Charles W. Clark Company, 235 West 23 Street, listing a job lot of sets of the novels of Mark Rutherford, six volumes, published at $9, now offered at $3.98 the set. This was to remind me that I've never read any "Mark Rutherford," but he has been consistently praised by shrewd critics for many, many years. People who are always complaining about having their reading chosen for them by guilds and committees might have a go at Rutherford and see what it's all about.

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Every censure, every sarcasm respecting a publication which the critic, with the criticized work before him, can make good, is the critic's right. The writer is authorized to reply, but not to complain. . . . The critic must know what effect it is his object to produce; and with a view to this effect must he weigh his words. But as soon as the critic betrays that he knows more of his author than the author's publications could have told him; as soon as from this more intimate knowledge, elsewhere obtained, he avails himself of the slightest trait *against* the author; his censure instantly becomes personal injury. . . . This determination of unlicensed personality, and of permitted and legitimate censure (which I owe in part to the illustrious Lessing) is beyond controversy the true one.

—Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria.*

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A client who is studying music in Florence and remembers our enthusiasm for Benozzo Gozzoli (whose work we know only in photographs) writes:—

The Gozzoli fresco is my Florentine secret and I'll confess it to you. I've never seen it except in reproductions. I pass it by four times a day and I salute the Palazzo Riccardi and say "Ha! you're holding the heart's desire, you're holding romance, you're holding something very precious. Hold it. Some day when I'm properly in the mood I'll come in, but then my romance will be finished." You understand. There's lots to see in Florence—I can afford to save the most James Stephensian as ultimate reward.

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Among numerous specimens of Publishers' Chat, we find these filed away in The Folder for comment.

From the jacket of "The King's Henchman:"

Thomas Hardy said, not so long ago, that there were two and only two great things in the United States: the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay and our "recessional buildings."

We admire both these achievements as much as anyone, but they are not the only two.

From the spring catalogue of Harcourt, Brace and Co.:

M. Siegfried's last visit was in 1925, when he toured nearly every state, met nearly everyone of importance.

This seems to us highly unlikely. It is not always easy to know who the important people are.

A letter from a Publisher's Young Man:

Don't miss reading ———. It has barbaric color. It has a fine sense of spirituality combined with a very earthy and even heathenish kind of animality. Most of all, it has an atmosphere of tragic fatality which is pure Hellene.

It has flaws of writing, to be sure. All books have. But to me there came in reading it a sense of the supernal tragedy which is in Othello.

It's published March 18th.

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An advertisement in the *New York Times* which struck me as a pleasant suggestion for the beginning of a story:

Would you like to go abroad with a few congenial people, in a large, luxurious limousine, with a skilled chauffeur, and a delightful hostess?

Of course this is the perfect way to see Europe, but few people know anyone with whom to do it and many don't want to have the trouble of their own car and chauffeur.

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Address Mrs. Eleanor Daggett Karsten, 1,066 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

"Are you a Collector?" writes a correspondent. I was about to say No, not in any specific sense, but then I paused. For I pay several hundred dollars a year to rent a room where I go to Collect my thoughts.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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JOHN DAY

Because we believe that readers of THE SATURDAY REVIEW will be particularly responsive to the beauty of this story of two lives spent in the borderland between phantasy and reality, we take pleasure in quoting from the following recent reviews of

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By Eleanor Carroll Chilton

"A thoroughly artistic piece of work that should give her a place prominent among the modern novelists."—*Warren A. McNeill in The Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

* * *

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Books of Special Interest

A CRITIQUE OF VALUES

GENERAL THEORY OF VALUE. By RALPH BARTON PERRY. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 1926. $6.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE RECENT PAST. By RALPH BARTON PERRY. New York: Charles Scribners. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by C. K. OGDEN

FOURTEEN years ago Professor Perry was one of a group of American philosophers who subscribed to that strange form of neo-Platonism then being rehatched in Cambridge, England, and Cambridge, Massachusetts. The nest was feathered with mathematical hypostatizations now long abandoned; but subsistent entities and transcendent essences have clung to most of the doctrines which have since been favored even by the neo-realists who have traveled farthest in other directions.

The Good, the Beautiful, and the True were once the supreme Trinity of realism; entities through whose subsistence all was right with the world. But the public never thought of it quite so abstractly, though the conflict was there just the same—

There is no good, there is no bad, these be the whims of mortal will;
What works one well that I call good, what harms and hurts I hold as ill.
They change with space, they shift with race, and in the veriest space of time
Each vice has worn a virtue's crown, all good been banned as sin or crime.

That was the late Sir Richard Burton's theory of value, and as a corollary his widow found it necessary to destroy most of his posthumously unpublished MSS. But he has a vigorous ally in Professor Westermarck, who has accumulated two large volumes of evidence for the defence, and the majority of modern psychologists and anthropologists.

On the other side we have Carlyle, with "the eternal truths and rights of things, fixed as mathematics, inherent in the nature of man and the world," and the adherents of all the religions and most of the philosophies derived from them, though Professor G. E. Moore is nowadays most frequently cited as a witness.

There are two considerations which have kept the problem alive of recent years in spite of the firm convictions of both groups of disputants, and which justified a further attack. In the first place it is obvious that there is a symbolic difficulty—verbal formulations are standing between us and the clarity we desire. Secondly there are the findings of modern psychology, all of which are subsequent to the last great Value-probe,—that of Jeremy Bentham. In America the relative weakness of any so-called philosophical tradition has enabled scientifically minded persons to profit by psychological developments, but there has been no intensive study of the verbal intricacies in which European thought has become entangled.

When, therefore, some two years ago, I. A. Richards offered us an analysis of value from the standpoint of literary criticism (i. e., What is a poem, what is good poetry, what is great literature?), he succeeded in clearing the air for most of those who could follow an argument. Many minor poets and most mystics failed to stay the course, but their resentment was rather general—i. e., antipathy to scientific analysis as such—than specifically directed against their first encounter with it in "The Principles of Literary Criticism." Apart from his original application of linguistic canons, Mr. Richards was chiefly concerned with the psychological reinterpretation of a *poem* in terms of the impulses aroused, of the *expert* in terms of adequate experience and organization, and of *value* in terms of desire (inhibition, conflict, equilibrium). In Professor Perry's book we find the same psychological approach, with approximately the same conclusions.

The major portion of any critique of current theories of value is necessarily occupied with preliminaries. The biological approach has to be justified, absolutes gainsaid, behaviorism surpassed, social substantiations disintegrated—all of which Professor Perry admirably achieves. The positive outcome is small and could be adequately presented in less than seventy of these seven hundred pages. Like Mr. Richards, Professor Perry rehabilitates Bentham (in terms of desire) and deliberately adopts what Dr. Moore regarded as the "naturalistic fallacy." Like him, as we have seen, he offers us an account of preference in physiological terms, with special emphasis on the relation of inhibition to intensity of interest. "Intense interest tends to a total inhibition of rival interests, or to total preoccupation of the organism." Similarly with regard to standardization and the appeal to the "expert,"—"one to whom a wide range of alternative instrumentalities is known, and who is enabled by his experience and discrimination to grade them in an order of utility."

He is at a disadvantage, however, in maintaining a traditional attitude to the problem of signs. He is apparently still prepared to endorse, though somewhat equivocally, followers of Husserl like Mr. Swabey, who regard meaning as an "ideal essence." In the eyes of psychological fundamentalists, therefore, he seems constantly to be handling difficulties that are primarily linguistic with the wrong technique. Moreover, unlike Mr. Richards, Professor Perry is not content with a good play.

He also demands a happy ending. He might have released his offspring on the twenty-first anniversary of Chapter I with an exhortation. But Chapter XXII is entitled "The Highest Good," and after an account of Harmony through Universal Love we advance towards the ramparts of eternity. Unfortunately our analysis has revealed human imperfections which make the going difficult, unless we can charter some verbal aeroplane, and it is hard to compare and measure our preferences even when we seem to agree; in other words, our interests are inharmonious and incommensurable. But we might all become benevolent and want the same thing; could we not then speak of "a will which would make all demands harmonious and commensurable if it existed?" Thereby we might be said to have combined "the facts of discord and incommensurability" with the "principles of comparative value," and we could talk, as Professor Perry proceeds to do, of "the structure and scale of the All-Benevolent Will." Such a verbal tactic is widely known as constructive thinking, and constructive thinkers are divisible into two classes (1) those who assert that only in the light of their construction has the Universe a Meaning, (2) those who identify their construction with what others call God.

Professor Perry belongs to the second class, though he is, of course, fairly clear what he is doing, and even seems to get some quiet logical amusement from the linguistic outcome of his dignitative; as when he tells us that "to conceive God as a person is both to confuse the meaning of personality, and to deny to God the right to be himself." But what will the unsophisticated divine make of the next stage, which we reach on page 689: "God is a being far exceeding and surpassing man, and yet dependent on man's moral effort," if not a very fine sermon on the reconciliation of religion and science by Harvard's greatest thinker and most stimulating lecturer? Such an outcome suggests that there is much to be said for those who derive the idea of Good from our early habit of chirping or gurgling (goo, goo) at things we like. When the whole nest or nursery gurgles, we get Goodness; later we only gurgle with the very best people (our type or our friends), and their preferences are known as The Good. This view does not readily lend itself to transcendentalism.

Professor Perry, then, is temperamentally a traditionalist, with a desire for synthesis and reconciliation, though it is gratifying to find that he has little use for Spengler and holds that the Aristotelian conception of form works best in Noah's ark. This traditionalism also appears from his survey of the "Philosophy of the Recent Past" where he has grouped under such headings as "Naturalism," "Idealism," "Voluntarism," and "Realism" more than five hundred recent philosophers whose place in the record of mankind he regards as established. The account is commendably impartial and judicial, though some of us would find it difficult to explain, e. g., Mr. Bertrand Russell's philosophy without mentioning Wittgenstein or Watson. "Philosophy" is interpreted on principles which also exclude not only Einstein and Eddington but Freud and Mauthner, though much useful supplementary information is conveyed in the bibliographical footnotes. We may hope that the author is right in his view that the distinctions which have served him in delineating current tendencies may soon be outgrown. It is possible, he thinks, that philosophy is now nearing the close of a great phase that began with Descartes. Is it not also possible that with the rise of a new technique for eliminating linguistic indiscretions it may, during the course of the next half century, vanish completely?

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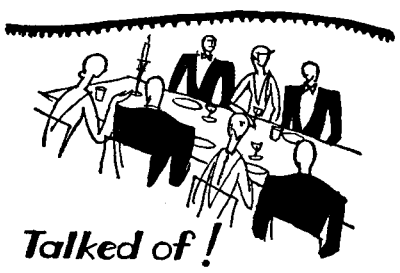

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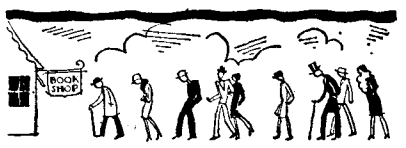

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MENSCHEN UND LANDSCHAFTEN. By KARL VON SCHLÖZER. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1927.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

AMONG vivid—and all the more vivid because unstudied — impressions of Rome and St. Petersburg in the last twenty years of the nineteenth century, the "Letters" of Kurd von Schlözer, German diplomat and at one time German Minister to the Holy See, hold a high place. Here, in this volume by Kurd von Schlözer's nephew, is a worthy successor, spontaneous, vivid, original impressions of the various places be visited or was stationed at in the German diplomatic service between about 1880 and 1890. Before he became a diplomat the young von Schlözer showed descriptive gifts of a high order, and his account of his university days at Göttingen, his military service at Strasbourg, his visit to Prague—"the Moscow of the Austro-Hungarian Empire"—and Lisbon, is full of good things.

Bismarck had had a very good opinion of Kurd von Schlözer; the chancellor's son, in the German Foreign Office, had no less regard for the nephew, and sent him to St. Petersburg soon after he had passed the qualifying examination. Karl von Schlözer's great-grandfather, August von Schlözer, had held a distinguished position as a historian under Catherine II, and the young von Schlözer approached Russia with keen interest. The circle in which he moved was extremely limited and exclusive; he gives a remarkable account of the barbaric splendor and Oriental luxury of the imperial entertainments. But he also found time for other observations, and has an interesting series of reflections on the Asiatic character of the Russian, and the fresher, more spontaneous nature of Russian culture, as compared with German, so *maschinenartig*.

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From Russia von Schlözer went to Brazil. It was an interesting era, just before the emancipation of the slaves and the downfall of the Empire to which that emancipation, through the discontent it caused among the propertied class, contributed not a little. Direct political observation occurs very little in these letters—the fact is a recommendation rather than otherwise; but in his correspondence from Rio the diplomat gives a vivid account of the struggles he had to protect poor German emigrants who had been lured to the country in order to provide a substitute for the slave-labor. His chief tussle with the authorities took place during an epidemic of yellow fever, and the chapter describing this is admirable. The plague broke out as Rio was celebrating, in a riot of luxury and high spirits, its Carnival:

> With a depressing Ash Wednesday the Carnival came to an end. Morning dawned on deserted streets, empty squares, covered with discarded masks, burnt out Chinese lanterns. In the sky hung the pale crescent moon. Prince Carnival was buried. In the dull twilight, however, stood in triumph over the *Praça d'Acclamaçao* with arms outstretched, a grinning skeleton, the yellow fever. It had outlived the Carnival: it was master of the battlefield.

As a non-political sketch of Brazil on the eve of great changes in the Constitution, and also in social organization, these pages are of the highest interest and no small importance.

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From Rio von Schlözer was called to Belgrade—urgently, because, as he afterwards found, his chief wanted to go duck-shooting. The younger diplomat had other interests. He watched the Servians hastily destroying the last vestiges of Turkish domination: he saw the departing Turks, who had arrived on horseback, going home more prosaically by the slow trains. He studied the latent Austro-Russian antagonism, he investigated the Servian attitude of hostility to everything foreign. Yet even these letters are not mainly political in interest. They have a great deal of human, personal impressions mingled with them, humorous accounts of the diplomatic corps, especially the Belgian Minister, "who returned safe and sound from several honeymoons," and a lively first-hand account of the forcible expulsion of Queen Natalie. If all diplomatic despatches were as sparkling as these letters then the "old diplomacy" had a good deal to be said for it. It achieved literature even if it did not always avoid wars.

The Bull-Fight

LA MUJER, EL TORERO Y EL TORO. By ALBERTO INSUA. Madrid: Edición de la Novela Mundial. 1926.

Reviewed by FRANCES DOUGLAS

ALBERTO INSUA, a Cuban who has absorbed Spanish culture by a residence of almost twenty years in Spain, is the author of the most recent novel of the bull-fight. Not infrequently a foreigner sees the perspective of national issues more clearly than the man from home, and bull-fighting in Spain is almost a national issue. To be sure, Vincente Blasco Ibañez, in "Blood and Sand," gave a masterful presentation of the bull-fight, with exceptional genius. In "La Bujer, el Torero y el Toro" (The Woman, the Matador and the Bull) Señor Insua presents a large cast of well-defined characters. They are vivid and talkative, and the bull-fight is approached and discussed from every angle.

A French actress, known to the stage world as Delicia, who has begun to pall on her Parisian audiences, comes to Spain. The matador, Basilio, familiar to his admirers as "Zaragoza," in honor of the city of his birth, falls in love with the French woman against his will. Falling in love, marrying, and becoming the father of a family, has been the undoing of many bull-fighters. If they are good husbands and fathers, prudently trying to avoid accidents, they are poor matadors, according to the judgment of a Spanish audience. Zaragoza, however, proved an exception to this rule. He knew that Delicia loved him for his strength and valor, and in order to hold her admiration he took even greater risks. The description of the first bull-fight he fought for Delicia, thinking of her up there in her box in her white mantilla, holds the reader's attention with the same fear-filled fascination that she herself experienced as she followed his every movement. In the waning afternoon light, the two outstanding figures in the ring seemed to become two similar forces: two men, or two bulls, struggling in a hideous body-to-body contest, with tragic confusion of arms and legs, horns and hoofs.

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Zaragoza is seen in many bull-fights, and Pascual, an opposite type of matador is presented. Following them as they travel over Spain to take their part as bull-fighters in the fairs that each town holds every year, many points concerning bull-fighting and bull-ring audiences are brought out. The description of the great *cortijo* "San Jorge," the spacious domain of the multimillionaire Count of Olarria, gives a very real picture of a modern farm devoted to agriculture and to the raising of bulls for the arena, an important industry that depends on bull-fighting. When Delicia went with Pascual for a visit at "San Jorge," she met the typical figures in the word of tauromachy, and the subject is discussed from the side of the taurophiles and the taurophobes, as the Spanish say, the bull-lovers and the bull-haters, or the pros and antis, in American vernacular.

Alberto Insua is by no means an unknown writer. He has published twenty-four novels, and many of them have been translated into other European languages. A book of his which has had great success in Spain, "The Negro Who Had a White Soul," is now being filmed.

The large and ever-increasing intellectual element in Spain is strongly opposed to bull-fighting. They regret to have books on the subject become known abroad. They prefer to have foreigners hear of Spain from the field of her art, from her achievements in painting and sculpture and solid literature, and from the side of her science and progress. However, as Señor Insua's book is being translated into English by C. D. Ebaugh, of the North Carolina College for Women, it soon will be known here, and no doubt will raise much controversy.

The famous library of the late John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, N. Y., one of the greatest of American book collectors, has been presented to the Congressional Library, under the will of Mrs. Thacher, who died in February. The books include several distinct groups. There are 930 volumes printed before 1501, including some of the earliest examples of printing; 800 volumes relating to Christopher Columbus and early exploration and cartography; and 1,600 volumes on the French Revolution, including two collections of autographs of foremost figures of that period.

The AMEN CORNER

THE OXONIAN has been on a lecture tour through the Southern universities, and has learned the meaning of academic hospitality and been astonished at the recent growth of all kinds of institutions. At Chapel Hill they are sinking a vast stadium into the earth, Duke University is an accumulation of erecting dormitories and lecture halls, Winthrop College turned a thousand girls away last year (he talked in that Chapel to the 1871 now there, and they are all pretty), Emory University is about to open its beautiful new Chapel (if you want to see what an *Academe* in the days of Plato may have looked like, you ought to come up at dusk and get a view of those classic stone buildings which were made of Georgia seamed-marble), and the University of Texas will soon be a near rival to Columbia in number of students. At Birmingham, Alabama, he was royally entertained. He was taken to the Birmingham Little Theatre one night where he watched a magnificent revival of an early Victorian play. It was "Fashion; or Life in New York by the gifted and talented female, Madame Anna Cora Mowatt." The Oxonian hopes that when the Birmingham Players will have taken possession of their splendid new theatre soon, that they will find a chance for reviving *Eighteenth Century Comedies*.(1) Birmingham was an interesting instance of how a misfortune can be transformed into great good fortune, and where the Phoenix has literally been born out of ashes. Their public library was recently burnt. And now, as a result of the genius of the President of the Board of Trustees, Mrs. Chapman the Librarian, and a group of other public-spirited citizens, they have erected a new library which is a marvel of beauty and utility. They hope to take possession of it shortly, and when they do the *Type-Facsimile Reprints*(2) will be among the first things to find a place in their exhibition cases.

WHEREVER he appeared the South smiled upon him: lecture halls, libraries, departmental offices, were pressed into service. The peach trees bloomed three weeks ahead of time that he might see them; magnolias were already shedding their leaves; violets could be had for the asking; and the soft Southern sun warmed his heart. Even the railway ticket offices were more than friendly: he had to plead with one ticket seller in a town in North Carolina to buy a chair in a pullman car for the next day. The agent kept repeating: "I don't want to tie up all your money overnight, and perhaps you won't be going tomorrow. Why don't you wait until tomorrow to buy your ticket? A lady got a seat here last week, and then on the next day she received a telegram which made her cancel her reservation. Better wait till tomorrow!" I thought the man supposed that I intended to hire a private car. When I asked him how much money I was going "to tie up" his reply was "83 cents." That man must be a brother to Abou ben Adhem!

IT WAS Wordsworth, I think, who said that Nature was a world of ready wealth, blessing our minds and hearts with wisdom and health and cheerfulness. What part of our country is wealthier in these things than the South? Among the Romantics it was William Blake, wasn't it, who, while living at Felpham, in Sussex, dreamt of liberty on the banks of the Ohio. Do you recall his 'America' in the 'Prophetic Books'? The Oxonian had with him a magnificent one volume india-paper edition of Blake's *The Prophetic Writings*(3) recently announced by the *American Branch of the Oxford University Press*,(4) and his Southern friends —particularly a librarian-poetess and her charming friend, the violinist, of Rock Hill—went into raptures over the many full-page half-tones in this volume, which reproduce of course Blake's own illustrations. And thus I am reminded that this year is the centenary of William Blake's death, and the Press, remembering the fact, has just published, in the *Type-Facsimile* series, the Letters from *William Blake to Thomas Butts*.(5) There are ten letters (no others are known), printed in collotype-facsimile, and offered in a limited edition to the public. So Mr. Butts, known only for the fact that he was a steady buyer for thirty years of Blake's drawings, and always at very moderate prices, attains immortality. If you are a lover of Blake—and who of imagination and fancy is not?—you will want to own *The Poetical Works of William Blake* by John Sampson.(6)

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) 35c each. (2) There are now about 20 published. A list will be sent upon application. (3) One volume edition, 1012 pages in India Paper, $21.00. The work is obtainable in a 2-volume edition, cloth, for $14.00. (4) 35 W. 32nd St., New York. (5) $8.50. (6) $5.00.

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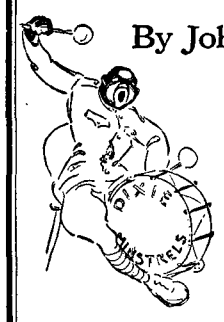

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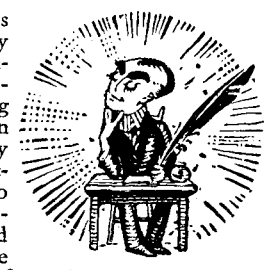

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Points of View

Ivan Bunin

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I am writing to ask you to make an appeal in your columns in aid of one of the most brilliant Russian writers of the present day—Ivan Bunin.

I recently had a letter from my father, telling me of Bunin's dire position and asking me to try to do something for him. He and his wife have undergone four operations within a year or so. Mrs. Bunin has not yet recovered from the last one and one of her arms is temporarily paralyzed. Bunin himself is suffering from acute neuralgia in the head and is unable to write at present, needing the quiet and rest he is unable to have, owing to their lack of means. The Bunins are great friends of ours and my father, who is the former Russian Ambassador in Spain, thinks very highly of them.

It is terrible to think of a man of his great talent—a member of the Academy—being in such a situation.

He is not unknown to the American public, his works are, I believe, widely read and appreciated, that is why I am appealing to you, in the hope that you may be able to do something for him.

Perhaps the donations could be sent to you and you could forward them to Bunin? His address is: 1 Rue Jacques Offenbach, Paris XVL.

I would be deeply grateful for any help you could give them and hope you will excuse my troubling you with this.

ELIZABETH NEKLUDOFF.

222 East 71st St., N. Y.

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of February 27 I find a communication signed by Mr. Hervey Allen, in which it is stated: "Mr. Whitty is the editor of Miss Phillips's 'Edgar Allan Poe, The Man.' . . . It is quite patent that Mr. Whitty is interested in another life of Poe." This statement not only lacks authenticity but is as gratuitous as it is erroneous. From the very start of my work on Poe Mr. Whitty has proved himself a mentor, allowing me free use of excerpts from his copyrighted Poe texts, honestly used by me in "Poe—The Man," *with Mr. Whitty's permission.* He has not only had no editorial connection with my biography but is in no manner financially interested in my Poe work. Towards its close, an automobile accident left me weak in eyesight, and other physical disabilities. Since that time Mr. Whitty has assisted me only in the strong publication issue of my Poe work. On all scores above mentioned Mr. Whitty's services have been selfless, peerless, and priceless, indeed, so divine-like in character as to be utterly inconceivable to the mind of Mr. Hervey Allen.

Your sense of justice, I am sure, will prompt you to give this note as speedy print as possible, as a protest from

MARY E. PHILLIPS

Boston, Mass.

Hint to Authors

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

There's a man out here in the small towns of Iowa that would grace any book in which the author is on friendly terms with his characters. So far, we have failed to find any book in which even an attempt is made to portray him.

The author who uses him will put into his book one of the backbones of the development of the Middle West.

He divides himself into two classes—this man—according to his weathering of the economic storm which recently visited the corn belt. One of him came through, carrying his town and community into the peaceful waters of reasonable prosperity. The other, after years of captaining the community ship, foundered it on the rocks of the land boom, carrying many of his people down with him.

Nearly always he is a banker, and usually head of the local implement company, general store and grain, coal, lumber and elevator organization at the same time. He keeps in touch with business affairs of the country. His advice on business conditions is almost final. He advises on the purchasing and selling of farms; he arranges the loans; he advises for or against holding corn; he knows whether it will be best to feed cattle during the summer; suggests new ideas, such as feeding sheep; and is the man to whom agents go to head the list of guarantors for the chautauqua. No business deal of any size is made without his being consulted, and no "civic" project is furthered without his support. Most likely he is superintendent of one of the Sunday schools, often for fifteen or more successive years.

His wife is prominent in the local club affiliated with the state organization, and his sons and daughters are the leaders of the upper of the two classes, socially, in the village. He is called the most influential man in the community. His views are quoted. Mothers point to him as a model for their children. He is the wealthiest man, but his wealth causes little envy.

In 1896 and 1907 he carried his community through the hard times. If he didn't, he wouldn't be a community leader when the World War broke out. In the economic and financial affairs of his village and townships, incident to the war, he takes the lead, of course. Liberty loan drives, Red Cross campaigns, war savings stamps, etc. Invariably he advises "giving until it hurts."

Then after the war, comes the real test, and his division into two classes. One class of him makes a character for a tragedy, the other for the happy ending, after difficulties. One class of him analyzes economic affairs aright, although it calls for consideration of world influences, advises against buying high-priced land, undergoes a lot of criticism, and sees business go from his bank, store, shop, and elevator to the town of the other class of him, the man who says a new era of prosperity has appeared, arranges loans with second-mortgage security, expands his own business, takes commissions for aiding in selling rubber company and packing concern stock to the farmers, and generally whoops it up.

Then 1921 comes, and with it the economic revulsion in the corn belt. The first class of him is justified to the happy ending. The other class reaches the apex of his tragedy in the small hours of some morning when the directors of his bank—former figureheads—sitting with the bank examiners, close the doors of the pride of his life. Law suits, foreclosures, lost homes, shattered prestige, suicides, and in some cases, penitentiary sentences, follow.

The author who puts this character, either in one or both classes, in his book will find thousands of his Iowa readers declaring the story was written about their home town.

JOHN M. HENRY

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Triangles

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I thought I was a fairly constant reader of the "Bowling Green," but I see in the last number a hint of something I must have missed in its reference to non-Euclidian morals. This has long been a favorite subject of study with me and I have been wondering whether Mr. Morley's conclusions agree with mine. Triangles have been a favorite theme since the novelist began. Usually one of the angles was a right angle (generally the wife), or an obtruse angle (generally the husband), but the three angles could be depended upon to add up finally to two right angles,—"the villain got his flogging at the gang-way and we cheered"—the third angle becoming infinitesimal and receding to an infinite distance. But today what a mess! With these non-Euclidian triangles we may have any sum whatsoever: sometimes pessimism leaves us no right angles at all and sometimes an excess of moral tolerance provides three. This of course is only a sample from my projected treatise. The subject is really too important to be handled briefly.

C. W. SPARROW

Virginia Quarterly Review.

Bryant

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I am writing an account of the life of William Cullen Bryant from 1794 to 1829. As I am in search of letters and other manuscripts which concern the poet, I shall be grateful if readers of *The Saturday Review* who possess such documents or who know where they may be located will communicate with me.

TREMAINE MCDOWELL

Yale University.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

FROM PASCAL TO PROUST. By G. Turquet-Milnes. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

Seven Frenchmen,—Pascal, Molière, Maine de Biran, Balzac, Bergson, Proust, Albert Thibaudet,—and George Meredith are the subjects of Mr. Turquet-Milnes's study. But his book is actually about Bergson and his philosophy, considered in relation to the other figures. The author's claim of a common "intuitive philosophy" for all of them amounts to little more than the admitted vicious-circle truth that each man wrote and thought under given conditions which, obviously, caused him to write and think as he did. Like all books seeking to interpret the work of one man in terms of another man's influence upon that work, Mr. Turquet-Milnes's is in the end given to consider the destructive element of personality before any working explanation of the writer's significance can be attained. It is often a fruitless process, but in this case the comparative novelty to English readers of much of the subject matter, together with the thoroughness, clarity, and precision of the author's analysis, yields unmistakable results. With a few important exceptions,—Mr. Saintsbury, in England and at times Mr. Boyd in America,—no one has bothered with the ideological background of modern French literature. Mr. Turquet-Milnes having had the wit to perceive Bergson and his philosophy as a kind of transformer into which the curernt of literature flowed and from which it issued to produce the work of Proust and the criticism of Thibaudet, the rest of his splendid little book followed almost automatically, as the result of correlation and analysis. His viewpoint must occasionally be classed as a trifle conscientiously that of the philosopher rather than the literary critic. The chapters on Meredith and Proust, in particular, seem to leave out a great deal for the sake of making clear a single influential trace. As he is finally impelled to exclaim: Never does one realize so well as with Proust the futility and the impotence of so called physiological criticism.

In fact, a Frenchman might object to his exclusively Anglo-Saxon perspective. While Mr. Turquet-Milnes's knowledge of the Gallic literature is manifestly that of an expert and a scholar, there seems always to lurk in his mind a consciousness of some parallel in England, and of what happened there at the same period or under the same conditions. This is not a bad way of fixing Pascal and Molière for us, but it throws Proust and Thibaudet into a curious and not wholly truthful perspective. After all, a French writer's relationship to English literature should not always be the most important factor even in the book of an English critic, which discusses his work.

There is little lacking, however, in Mr. Turquet-Milnes's consideration of what he does elect to treat. How seldom is such thoroughly reasoned criticism produced or read in America! It escapes the academic and yet fails to bow to the popular cry for "outlines." It is on such work that opinions may be formed: its effect, through the writing of others, is often great. A study of Paul Valéry, announced as in preparation by the same author, should also fill an important space in the slow-growing English commentary on French letters.

Drama

TWELVE ONE-ACT PLAYS. Longmans, Green. 1926. $2.50.

With the possible exception of "The Valiant" by Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemass, wherein an appealing story is presented with telling dramatic effect, none of the plays in this collection rises above mediocrity. Nothing is found here of distinction in the manner of writing, or of significance in theme. Yet the volume serves a worthy purpose in that it offers to little theatres and amateur producing groups tested, actable plays which while not outstanding in value are not mere "claptrap." An ideal bill of one-act plays for an evening's entertainment usually consists of a fantasy, a tragedy, or serious play for backbone, and a light comedy, or farce. Several such evenings might be put together from the plays in this collection. One such bill, perhaps the best one, would include "The Willow Pattern," by Ethel Beekman Van Der Veer, a "comic-tragedy" done after the Chinese style of staging as in "The Yellow Jacket," followed by "The Valiant," and concluding with "The Master Salesman," a truly humorous bit of satire on the trained glibness of the Rotarian seller of goods. Another would consist of "The Most Foolish Virgin," by Helen Gaskill, "Copy," by Kendall Banning, which has been successfully produced in vaudeville, and "Thank You, Doctor," by Gilbert Emery, a detective skit using the familiar pearl necklace strung on a new string. In characterization "God Winks," by Katherine Burgess, is effective, while if costumes and a touch of romance are desired Ruth Giorloff's "Jazz and Minuet" will please. Of the other plays little can be said except that they will act.

An Outline of Contemporary Drama. By *Thomas H. Dickinson.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

The Flying Prince. By *Peggy Wood* and *Eugene Wood.* Appleton.

Education

The Folk High-School of Denmark and the Development of a Farming Community. By *Holger Begtrup, Hans Lund,* and *Peter Manniche.* Oxford University Press. $2.

The Poet's Commonwealth. Edited by *Walter Murdoch.* Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

Fiction

THIS DAY'S MADNESS. By the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.50.

The stolid, complacent English upper-class family that has gone so far on the road to mental degeneration that it finds its own company the only one really tolerable has served as a *pièce de résistence* for a galaxy of English novelists. Thackeray, Meredith, Wells, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and Galsworthy by no means exhaust the list. But one suspects that the subject is running dry. After all, Galsworthy's Forsytes contain most of the qualities of the whole class, and he has put them together in almost every conceivable combination.

Consequently it is with a slight sense of boredom—or worse—of revisiting with an inferior guide scenes that once fascinated us, that we follow the anonymous author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" on the trail of an honest, vital, restless young girl who rebels against the stupid self-sufficiency of the moribund Monctons. The author writes with a certain hard brilliance, an occasional dash of penetrating satire, and with flashes of real creative insight; the story is "well constructed" and competently handled throughout. But there is about it the feeling of an old tune rearranged and scored with new harmonies. In the process the quality that gave it vigor and significance has been lost.

Letty tried hard to be a Monckton, but she could could never put herself into it. Something within her rebelled. She even became engaged to her cousin, Bernard; everyone agreed that it was an eminently suitable marriage, as it would keep the entailed estate within the family; but it was foreordained that she would jilt him. She had to break away or die, stifled. "The Monckton . . . were solid and upright and united and encircling, like the stakes of an inclosure." Even when she had defied them all and leapt into matrimony with a comparative stranger, "The Monckton wouldn't cease to exist. There would always be the sense of them, silent, shocked, deeply outraged. They would stand aloof from her, but their eyes would always be upon her. Laughter was the only power that had any effect upon the Monckton; they dispersed under it somehow, like fog under sunshine."

WHISPERING CREEK. By Alma E. Henderson. Burton. 1927. $2.

We have found nothing above average mediocrity in this pseudo-mystery tale of the western mountain wilds. Its plot sets forth the adventures met with by a young man and his friends in seeking to solve the enigma of his father's unaccountable disappearance from the vicinity of Whispering Creek, three years before the story's opening. The ferreting out of the missing man's fate is accomplished without skill or ingenuity, at excessive length, and with a superfluity of uncouth dialect.

Congai. By *Harry Hervey.* Cosmopolitan. $2.
Ladies and Gentlemen. By *Irvin S. Cobb.* Cosmopolitan. $2.
The Magic Garden. By *Gene Stratton-Porter.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

(*Continued on next page*)

TROLLOPE
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"A model of what a biography should be." *Boston Transcript*

"A book to delight Trollopeans and to interest all who care for good literary biography." *New York Evening Post*

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"A study which Trollopeans will cherish and non-Trollopeans will find the key to no inconsiderable pleasures." *New York Times*

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By Michael Sadleir
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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

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CHINA AND HER POLITICAL ENTITY. By *Shushi Hsü*. Oxford University Press. $2.

MICHAEL COLLINS AND THE MAKING OF A NEW IRELAND. By *Piaras' Béaslái*. Harper's. 2 vols. $10.

Miscellaneous

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF EDITH WHARTON. By *Lawson McClurg Melish*. Brick Row Bookshop. $3 net.

HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION. By *Paul La Croix*. Covici. 3 vols.

THE PRACTICAL DECORATION OF FURNITURE. By *H. P. Shapland*. New York: Payson & Clarke. $5.

FAMOUS CRIMINALS AND THEIR TRIALS. By *Sidney Theodore Felstead*. Edited by Lady Muir. Doran.

BIRTH CONTROL LAWS. By *Mary Ware Dennett*. Hitchcock. $2.50.

NORSE MYTHOLOGY. By *Peter Andreas Munch*. Revised by Magnus Olsen. American-Scandinavian Foundation.

THE GLADIOLUS BOOK. By *Forman T. McLean, William Edwin Clark* and *Eugene H. Fischer*. Doubleday, Page. $5 net.

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COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY. By *David Charles*. Pitman. $2.

THE ANALYSIS OF LOVE. By *H. M. Chieftain*, Central Valley, N. Y. Chieftain Publishing Co. $2.

NON-TECHNICAL CHATS ON IRON AND STEEL. By *La Verne W. Spring*. Stokes. $4.

Travel

A WORLD CRUISE LOG. By JOSEPH H. APPEL. Harper. 1926. $3.

It takes all kinds of books of travel to make a publishing season, and doubtless this odd but somehow engaging *mélange* has its proper place among them. The publishers, at least, think so highly of it that they introduce a blurb immediately after the title-page. This rather dubious procedure lets us know that the writer presents in short summary the vital parts of various philosophies and religions of some of the countries visited, besides painting their physical image "in vivid, short sentences." We seem to have heard of a Count Keyserling who once did much the same thing. But of course the Count did not have the good fortune to meet Frank Buchman (a long way from Princeton), nor to be accompanied by a Lady, who often relieves the philosophy with her feminine charm. "Passing the barracks we see two airplanes. 'God!' said the Lady, 'I wish one of those planes would take me direct to New York!'" This seems to us as effective as "'Hell!' said the Duchess, as she lit a cigarette," and much more apt.

MORE PORTS, MORE HAPPY PLACES; Further Adventures of an American Mother and Her Children in Europe. By CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $3.50.

Trailing her growing and energetic brood after her, Mrs. Parker continues to charge about Europe on skis and and bicycles and to write home breathless, garrulous chapters about it. (One chapter is tastefully entitled, "Vienna Again! Music, Music, Music, Long Pants"). It is possible to have all the sympathy in the world with Mrs. Parker's ambitions, her cheerful spirit, and her sensible theories of child training, and still to wish that she or her publishers would take her syntax firmly in hand. But then it would not be Mrs. Parker's book, so there you are. Nevertheless, there is something almost sublime in the unselfconsciousness that can put down such a sentence as this and leave it: "The way I feel when I spot a Norman steeple, riding along on my bicycle, reminds me of the old days when a trout would rise here or there and I'd excitedly make for that spot and cast."

PANAMA OF TODAY. By A. HYATT VERRILL. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

Without a copy before the reviewer of Mr. Verrill's "Panama Past and Present" of five years ago, of which this is a revised edition, it is not possible to say how much the earlier book has been "generally improved," as the publishers say it has been. There are, at any rate, at least fifty more pages of text. Approaching it on its own merits, the reader finds it an orderly, colorful, and surprisingly thorough account of the country which Simon Bolivar christened "The Bridge of the World." Tourists who have seen only the American portion of the isthmus can read this book with profit to learn what they have missed in not venturing away from the beaten path; prospective travellers thither, equipped with its information, will have an intelligent understanding of the historical background of the Canal, not to speak of a fore-armed knowledge of where they can leave American soil to get a drink. One unwelcome piece of news is that expenditures on sanitation have been cut to the point that a single case of yellow fever or bubonic plague or a single infected mosquito might transform Panama and the Canal Zone to the pesthouse it was in pre-Canal days.

SCOUTING ON TWO CONTINENTS. By MAJOR FREDERICK R. BURNHAM. Elicited and Arranged by Mary Dixon Everett. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $5.

Major Burnham at the last moment suffered some scruples after yielding to the persistent endeavor of his friends to persuade him to write his autobiography, their pleas proving more effectual than the best efforts of Sir Rider Haggard (who must have owed much of Allan Quatermain to the Major as well as to Frederick Selous) to give him material for writing a series of magazine articles, not to mention an offer of £2,000 from Lord Northcliffe. But to avoid perpetrating a two-volume book, he "deleted from the manuscript of this book part of my youthful experiences, and of my recollections of the Klondike, and of the Apache wars in Arizona, as well as the full account of my Mexican explorations, the great Yaqui Delta development, and the discovery of the ancient and curious Maya stone." Furthermore, he left out his long and fruitful explorations in East Africa, mountain climbing above Navashi, hunting of all manner of wild game, and the finding of the lost M'Gardi.

Perhaps it is just as well. What is already here, told in the most quiet, matter-of-fact style, is a series of adventures so varied and thrilling as to be almost incredible. What is one to say of a man who as a baby of two was hidden from Indians by his mother, who dropped him in a stack of corn, and told him to stay there quietly, which he did until the next morning; a man, who although nearly heartbroken over missing the chance to join the raid of his friend, Dr. Jameson, later had the satisfaction of stalking the Matabele high priest, the M'Limo, and putting a bullet under his heart? The only reasonable thing to do is to make this volume last as long as possible—after all, it is a generous instalment—and to muster what patience one may until the next one appears. We know that it will appear, for the Major is a man of his word.

KING ARTHUR'S COUNTRY. By F. J. SNELL. Dutton. 1926. $2.40.

This nearly worthless book is an attempt, according to the author, "to focus the results of Arthurian topographical research hitherto available only in scattered form." Unfortunately Mr. Snell has gone at the task without any clear notion of what he had in view, and he has accordingly produced a strange mixture that is valuable neither as a guide book to the lands where Arthurian stories have flourished nor as a compendium of literary references. His habit of uncritical quotation from the writings of scholars gives a spurious air of erudition to the volume quite unjustified by the contents, and makes it dull reading. He confuses legends of all ages and opinions of all sorts in a quite hopeless jumble. It is a pity that he should have expended so much labor to such little effect: a pity, too, that the book should ever have been published.

CHINESE CENTRAL ASIA. By *C. P. Skrine*. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

RIVER THAMES. By *F. V. Morley*. Illustrated by Laurence Irving. Harpers. $6.

HAWAII, PAST AND PRESENT. By *William R. Castle, Jr.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

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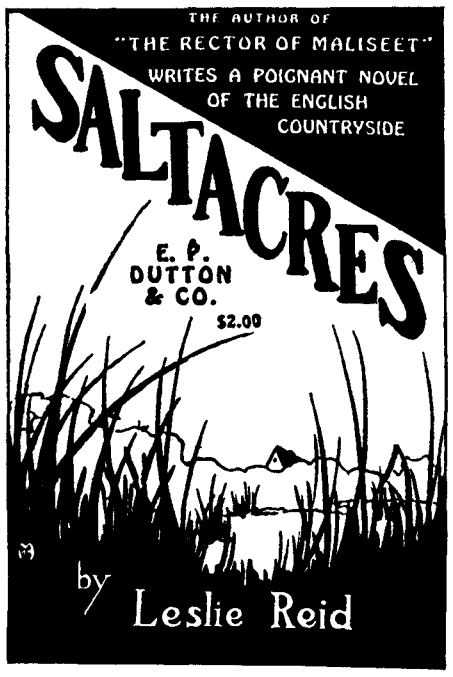

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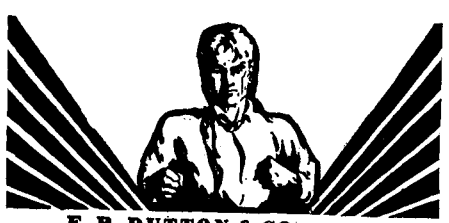

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

LOVE IS ENOUGH. By *Francis Brett Young.* (Knopf.)

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE. By *Susan Glaspell.* (Stokes.)

BOOKS IN BOTTLES. By *W. G. Clifford.* (Dial.)

J. G., New York, asks if there is a book called "Our Presidents and Their Wives."

"OUR PRESIDENTS," by James Morgan (Macmillan), is a volume of brief biographies of all our Chief Magistrates including President Coolidge, a favorite in libraries and not too heavy for the children's library collection. As for their wives, their record is to be found in Edna M. Colman's "White House Gossip from Andrew Johnson to Calvin Coolidge," just published by Doubleday, Page, and in the same author's "Seventy-five Years of White House Gossip," which they brought out several seasons ago. It is in this new volume that I find the surprising account of the wedding of Nellie Grant and the appearance thereat of the groom, Algernon Frederick Sartoris, carrying a handsome bouquet of orange blossoms and tuberoses with a center of pink buds from which rose a flagstaff with a silver banner inscribed with the word "Love." After that, there seems to be nothing more to say.

D. A., (no address), who enjoyed "The Way of All Flesh" and "The Inside of the Cup," asks what other novels are built around criticisms of the church?

BY the time this gets into type, Sinclair Lewis, with "Elmer Gantry" (Harcourt, Brace), will have set the torpedo under the ark. After the débris has been cleared away, however, it will be found quite untouched; the explosive was meant, not for the church or any church, but for the exploitation, in the name of religion, of collective hysteria by charlatans. There is a predecessor of Elmer in a novel by Bernard de Voto, lately from Macmillan, "The Chariot of Fire," in which Ohio Boggs, the village drunkard of Elam, Illinois, a century ago, gets religious and carries it to such a point as has been already described by W. D. Howells in "The Leatherwood God." It is interesting to read the two novels together.

The church was really under fire in Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere" (Macmillan), and from two other directions at about the same time: "John Ward, Preacher," by Margaret Deland (Houghton Mifflin), in this country, and "The Patriot," by Antonio Fogazzaro (Putnam), the Italian "Modernist" novel. "The Damnation of Theron Ware," by Harold Frederic (Duffield), is the moral deterioration of a Methodist minister; "A Cure of Souls," by May Sinclair (Macmillan), is the spiritual disintegration of a Canon of the Church of England; but the establishment is not attacked. Indeed, Miss Sinclair shows the other side of the question in "The Rector of Wyck" (Macmillan), the story of as lovable a good man as there is in clerical fiction, though he is shown as taking his religion to church rather than finding it there. "The Fool in Christ," by Gerhart Hauptmann (Viking), might be called an effort to recapture primitive Christianity from the churches.

"High Fires," by Marjorie Barkley McClure (Little, Brown), "My Son," by Corra Harris (Doran), and "The Church on the Avenue," by Helen R. Martin (Dodd, Mead), are concerned with congregations and ministers rather than with churches; so for that matter is Corra Harris's famous "Circuit Rider's Wife" (Altemus). "The Shadow of the Cathedral," by Blasco Ibañez (Dutton), is intensely anti-clerical; but the American reader must not forget that anti-Catholic novels on the Continent are not necessarly Protestant. This one certainly is not.

The same inquirer says that Mrs. Browning's poem about a mother whose sons were killed in battle is not in the "World's Classics" edition, and asks its title and where it may be found.

"MOTHER and Poet: Turin, after news from Gaeta, 1861," is in the "Home Book of Verse," page 3555 of the latest edition. It was highly popular as a reading some years ago, when it was brought out with reelings and writhings and clutchings of the brow, which were then calmed by "Aux Italiens." It is a long poem and seems even longer when ruthlessly recited.

A. R. B., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., asks for books describing the old stage-coach routes and taverns on the Albany Post Road on either side of the Hudson River, and books on the old canal barge days of this same stream, and the Erie Canal.

"OLD TOWPATHS," by Alvin F. Harlow (Appleton), is the story of the canal boat era of American history. It gives its opening chapters to a history of the Erie Canal, and the famous waterway runs through the book, appearing every now and then in its accounts of all the other canals. The bibliography, which includes not only books about canals and their craft but historical documents of every type from which such information may be drawn, will be useful in this inquirer's work. So will the book lately published by McBride, Elise Lathrop's "Early American Inns and Taverns," said to be the only one that goes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Mexico to Canada. Alice Morse Earle's "Stage Coach and Tavern Days" (Macmillan), is interesting and authentic, and there are rivermen—among many other kinds of travellers—in Richardson Wright's fascinating new book "Hawkers and Walkers in Early America" (Lippincott). These include preachers, peddlars, doctors, actors, and vendors, and there are many illustrations from old prints. I have found not a few books that would fit into this list, but they are all far out of print; the best plan would be to visit the library of the New York Historical Society, which is rich in this sort of material. I recall an illustrated book of theirs about the road along the Hudson, printed by subscription and long out of circulation, that I used to go there on purpose to read. "Steamboat Days," by F. E. Dayton and J. W. Adams (Stokes), a valuable and readable record, has a section on the Hudson River lines and their exploits.

M. D. B., Olean, N. Y., asks for a dozen titles about George Washington, suitable for a library. This has already much collateral material on early life in Virginia, Mount Vernon, and many magazine articles.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD'S "The True George Washington" (Lippincott), was written twenty years ago (a new edition appeared in 1926), but in the matter of humanizing the subject it went further than some of the biographies lately brought out for this purpose. Another book about the man as well as the hero is one highly popular with boys, "The Seven Ages of Washington," by Owen Wister (Macmillan), but this is by no means a juvenile only. Another good life is William Roscoe Thayer's "George Washington" (Houghton Mifflin), and no library collection could omit Woodrow Wilson's "George Washington" (Harper), and the "George Washington" of Henry Cabot Lodge (Houghton Mifflin). The latest additions to this list are the portrait, "George Washington: the Image and the Man," by W. E. Woodward (Boni & Liveright), and the first volume of Rupert Hughes's "George Washington: the Man and the Hero" (Morrow), which goes to his retirement to Mount Vernon after his marriage. I would certainly include these studies, even though they bear—for all their documentation—unmistakable signs that they were written by novelists.

"The Family Life of George Washington," by Charles Moore, head of the manuscript division of the Congressional Library (Houghton Mifflin), has a wider scope than one might infer from the title, and is indeed a survey of the social life of the period in Virginia. Another excellent work of this kind is "George Washington, Country Gentleman," by Paul Leland Haworth (Bobbs-Merrill), which shows him as farmer and as business man. Paul Wilstach's "Mount Vernon" (Doubleday, Page), is another source for such information: it is a guide, description, and history in one, with good pictures.

M. C. W., Roxbury, Mass., needs a book with concrete information on Spanish politics, and social conditions of the present day, to supplement "Virgin Spain" and several other travel books.

"SPAIN TO-DAY," by Frank Deakin (Knopf), is the best book I know for getting at the sort of information a reader, either of newspaper or of translated novels, needs for Spain. It tells about government, political problems, housing conditions, education, roads, the press, and many other matters of present importance.

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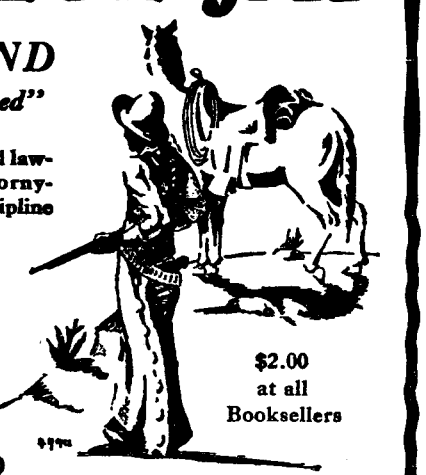

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The Phoenix Nest

BECAUSE we saw it listed among the books recently suppressed in Boston, the other day we picked up *Bill (Hulbert) Footner's* "Antennae." We couldn't imagine how a book of Bill's would get suppressed. We had read some of his mystery and detective stories in the past. Excellent, workmanlike stuff of their kind. We could guess what he wanted to do in "Antennae," get away from concocting that kind of thing, write his own realistic novel, dig into his deepest knowledge of life as he had observed it. . . .

"Antennae" (Doran), isn't a great novel, but it is uncompromising realism of a good grade, it is scrupulous reporting. The matters it reports are matters disagreeable to the sheltered, the manner of the reporting is in no sense great art, but there is power in Footner's pen. His dialogue is, for the most part, accurate, unlabored; he resorts to no impressionistic devices to fuss up his story; he creates a living person in Joe Kaplan. Joe Kaplan is a characteristic product of the lower East Side of New York. Pity 'tis 'tis true—doubtless—but *'tis* true, and hence legitimate material for the novelist. . . .

"Antennae" was banned in Boston, and so was that almost incredibly ingenuous and extremely moving chronicle of *H. T.'s*, "As it Was." Of course this sort of thing has happened often before and is likely to happen many times to come. We are not going to burst into conflagration about it. It's *not the slightest use*. The newsstands continue to drip with drivel and slime and books written with sincerity and artistic integrity continue to be snooped at by the snoopers. Censorship inevitably operates without sense. Heigho—to coin an expression—it's a mad world. . . .

Because the illustrations were by *Ralph Barton* we picked out "Heart in a Hurricane," by *Charles G. Shaw* (Brentano's), for the old o.o. Here and there in its pages we encountered something mildly amusing but in general its triviality bored us. Things to eat and things to drink and things to wear and smart restaurants and night clubs and "wise cracks" that didn't detonate. Most interesting in the book we found the small italic footnote about Twombley beginning on page 53 and meandering over several subsequent pages. . . .

A book we expect to enjoy far more, naturally, is one Scribners have inveigled *Ring Lardner* into writing, a burlesque autobiography entitled, "The Story of a Wonder Man." It carries him right through his whole life with the dispatch of a Subway express and ends with his declining years in Great Neck. . . .

Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram" will soon be out, and from all we have heard of it it puts the capstone on his work for the present. It is extraordinary with what a sure, firm step Robinson still progresses in poetry, while a number of those who held the lists with him have declined from the power of their prime. . . .

Arthur Ficke has written interestingly to *Carl Van Vechten* concerning *Langston Hughes's* "Fine Clothes to the Jew." He says in part:

> Langston Hughes, whose earlier poems had such great promise, here fulfils every vestige of that promise. He is a great artist; he never yields to the obvious temptation to comment on his themes, but produces the theme, stark and stripped, for the reader to feel and vibrate to. With a devastatingly ironic sense of the possibly comic quality of some of his material, he accepts that limitation and writes poetry that is usually as beautiful as it is tragic. . . . Hughes stands at the other pole from the clever verse-writer. His technical cleverness is enormous; yet he does not exploit it. He knows—only too well—that poetry is the result of some catastrophic agony of the spirit—and he seems rarely to write from any more trivial level of experience.

Christopher Ward's "Starling," a story of husbands and wives, is his second novel. In Ward's literary apprenticeship he developed into one of the most surprising parodists of our time. He chipped himself out a niche in that alcove of literature where he is like to endure for a long time with the few great parodists. We are almost sorry he deserted parodies for novels, but in "One Little Man" he proved his right so to do. . . .

Our eyes, just then straying along the shelves, caught another title, "The Starling," by *Doris Leslie*, the book being published by the English firm of Hurst and Blackett. This is, however, the story of a beautiful young English widow who seems to have an irresistible attraction for a good many men and to drink a good deal of whiskey. It should by no means be confused with Mr. Ward's book. . . .

"Orient Express" by *John Dos Passos* (Harper's), is a very different kind of travel book from the ordinary ones. It deals with travel in an evolving world shaken by History. It is illustrated in color by the author, who also contributed the jacket for the book. . . .

Ford Madox Ford's "New Poems" are beautifully presented by William Edwin Rudge. The first and longest poem, "A House," originally appeared some years ago in *Harriet Monroe's Poetry*. It is an extraordinary performance, brilliantly successful, most moving, and on a level with his earlier remarkable poem, "On Heaven." . . .

A volume of biography distinctly worth your while is "Trumpets of Jubilee" (Harcourt), by *Constance Mayfield Rourke*. Miss Rourke deals with such impressive American figures as *Lyman Beecher*, *Harriet Beecher Stowe*, *Henry Ward Beecher*, *Horace Greeley* and *P. T. Barnum*. Through the lives of these five characters she reveals the social history of an epoch and gives us a new and significant background for the modern scene. . . .

Leary, Stuart & Co., "The Largest Old Book Store in America,"—you know, over in Philadelphia and temporarily located at 1214 Arch Street, are almost ready to return to their new building on Ninth Street. In fact they have made plans to begin moving on Saturday night, April 2nd, continue to the finish on Monday the 4th, and open the new store on Tuesday the 5th. . . .

This winter we greatly enjoyed several opportunities to hear the remarkable Bach organ recitals by *Lynnwood Farnam* at the Church of the Holy Communion at Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street. To sit in the candlelit dusk of the old church and bathe in a flood of magnificent sound was an evening far more memorable than that of the ordinary "party." Farnam is a most accomplished organist and has brought extreme pleasure to many of the musically inclined this season. . . .

The first number of *Transition*, published at 40 Rue Fabert, Paris (7e) and edited by *Eugene Jolas* and *Elliott Paul*, contains work by *Joyce*, *Gertrude Stein*, *Ludwig Lewisohn*, *Hart Crane*, and others. The entire contents is in English. The yearly American subscription price is five dollars. . . .

Anent our ferocious sonnets idea, we acknowledge receipt of letters and sonnets from *A. K. Laing* of Pelham Manor, *A. Arthur Smith* of Seventh Street, and *Dorothy Burgess* of Wellesley, Massachusetts. . . .

And so farewell!

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His first book, "From the Four Winds," was published in 1887, under the pseudonym of John Sinjohn.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

"DR. R.," AND JOHN BIGELOW

THE series of article "By Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, as told Avery Strakosch" now running in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is filled with interesting anecdotes and observations. The last, "Among Old Manuscripts," should not be overlooked by the collector. One of the anecdotes relates to Dr. R's first meeting with John Bigelow:

"One day some years ago, an old gentleman called upon me in New York. I happened to be walking through my reception room when he arrived, and did not catch his name. But in deference to his extreme age—he appeared to be more than ninety—I immediately invited him into the library. He was very plainly dressed; almost dingy in appearance. I entered into conversation with him and he seemed remarkably well informed. Every celebrity of the past sixty years he seemed to know intimately. We talked of prominent literary figures, of great political and financial leaders. He knew them all!

"He even told me of an incident which occurred one evening at Windsor Castle when he dined with Queen Victoria. I looked at him queryingly, deploring that exaggerated ego which is the pleasure and consolation of old age. He continued with anecdotes of Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, and Lord Salisbury. Lincoln had been his friend, he said, as well as all the presidents from Lincoln's time; and every corner and crevice of the White House was known to him. I thought to myself that here was certainly an old liar, if ever there was one. A regular Baron Munchausen!

"Then I naturally turned the conversation to old books and manuscripts. I mentioned a famous volume; he owned that too! If he had been a younger man I should have had it understood clearly that I no longer cared to be taken for a credulous fool. But being a Philadelphian, of course I could not resist mentioning Benjamin Franklin. The syllables of his name had hardly left my lips when my visitor announced, with something of regret in his voice, that he had once owned the manuscript of Franklin's famous "Autobiography." With unbelieving amazement I stared at him. Then it dawned upon me that the gentleman before me was a distinguished American diplomat and everything he said was the truth! As Minister to France many years ago, he had handled with extraordinary tact many serious political situations; at one time editor of the New York *Evening Post*, he was an essayist and historian. I leaned forward and said in a voice which made no attempt to disguise my surprise or my pleasure, "Have I the honor of addressing the Honorable John Bigelow?"

"Mr. Bigelow then told me how in an off moment he has been induced to sell, at what was then considered a high price, but which would be a mere trifle now, the immortal "Autobiography" of Franklin. He disposed of it through a New York firm of booksellers to E. Dwight Church, of Brooklyn, and it is now in that bookman's paradise, Mr. Henry E. Huntington's library at San Marino, California."

NEW WASHINGTON LETTER

ADOLPH LEWISOHN has found among his collection of autograph letters and manuscripts a letter written by George Washington in regard to the Federal Constitution, said to be unpublished, dated October 10, 1787, written to Colonel Humphreys, in which he had this to say:

"The Constitution that is submitted, is not free from imperfections; but there are as few radical defects in it as could be well expected, considering the heterogenous mass of which the convention was composed and the diversity of interests which were to be reconciled. The constitutional door being open, for future alterations and amendments, I think it would be wise in the people to adopt what is offered to them and I wish it may be by as great a majority of them as in the body that decided on it; but this is hardly to be expected, because the importance and sinister views of too many characters will be affected by the change. Much will depend, however, on literary abilities, and the recommendation of it by good pens, should it be openly, I mean publicly, attacked in the gazettes. Go matters however as they may, I shall have the consolation to reflect that no objects but the public good, and that peace and harmony which I wished to see prevail in the Convention, ever obtruded, even for a moment, in my mind, during the whole session lengthy as it was."

GOLDSMITH MANUSCRIPTS

THE "Census of the Manuscripts of Oliver Goldsmith," by Katharine Canby Balderston, published by Milford of London, is a small, thin volume because more space was not necessary to tell all that is known about Goldsmith's manuscripts and autograph letters. The literary manuscripts are the merest fragments. They include a "Political View of the Result of the Present War with America," rescued by the printer of the *Critical Review*, and given by him to George Stevens, who gave it to Isaac Reed; two copies of "The Captivity," the rejected epilogue to "She Stoops to Conquer," and a few words of a review of the "History of England." There appear to be some fifty letters, most of them well known; a few receipts for moneys, preserved by Newberry and others; three or more books with Goldsmith's writing in them; a number of things recorded but now missing; some items of undetermined authenticity and no fewer than twelve forged documents. Miss Balderston postpones the proofs of forgery to her forthcoming edition of the letters. The bulk of Goldsmith autographic material is in a half dozen public libraries and twelve private collections in this country. It appears that American collectors have been keen in their hunt after Goldsmith autographic material and already have a little more than their share.

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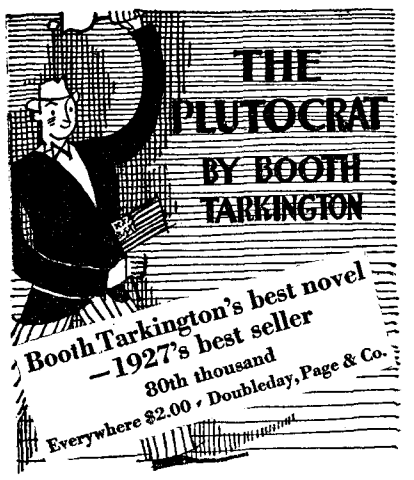

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